K. Shelley (G.) 1.9 No 5

SENTENCES

Divine, Moral, and Hiſtorical, &c.

1031. d 3

PROSE.

A

AS in Man, the Leſſer World, one Member has need of another; ſo in the Greater World, the more Noble Parts cannot execute their Office without the Aſſiſtance of the Meaneſt.

Among Men of weak and baſe Minds Merit begets Envy; but among thoſe of a Generous Spirit, a Noble Emulation.

A Conceited Man is naturally Ungrateful: He has too great an Opinion of his own Merit, to value the moſt Generous Acts of Kindneſs that can be done him: And, as his Ingratitude will not let him ſerve any Man; ſo his Conceitedneſs will ſcarce ever ſuffer any Man to ſerve him.

A Man of great Abilities may by Negligence and Idleneſs become ſo mean and deſpicable, as to be an Incumbrance to Society, and Burthen to himſelf.

All the Sweets of a Vicious Life cannot take off the Bitterneſs of an Unprepared Death.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

A Contest happening between Folly and Prudence, which should have the Precedence; and the Difference growing high, they referr'd it to *Jupiter*; who gave Judgment, That Folly should go before, and Prudence follow after, to make the End happy.

An Extraordinary Enterprize, undertaken without a strong Resolution, manag'd without Care, or prosecuted without Vigour, will not only prove Abortive, but will be attended with Disappointment and Disgrace.

Are you desirous of Pleasure? What more transporting than the Favour of Heaven, a Virtuous Life, the Discovery of Truth, and the Serenity of Mind which accompanies a clear Conscience? These are Pleasures that the Great and Good have in all Ages labour'd to attain.

A Man cannot be truly Happy here, without a well-grounded Hope of being Happy hereafter.

As he that can revenge an Injury, and will not, discovers a Virtuous and Magnanimous Disposition of Soul; so he that can return a Kindness, and dares not, shews a Mean and Contemptible Spirit, and proves himself a despicable Lump of Ingratitude.

Alexander Severus chid those whom he did nothing for, and who did not ask him; demanding, if they thought it that he should be always in their Debt?

A Travelling Fool is the Shame of all Nations; that is to say, of his own, by his Fooleries abroad; and of others, by bringing their Follies home.

A Boaster is like the *Cypress*-Tree, making a gawdy Shew without any Fruit.

An External Agreeableness of Presence and Carriage promises a Suitableness of Mind, and vouches for good Sence and Humour.

A Harsh Father must be obeyed, like a Law, tho' it be Severe.

Aristippus being ask'd wherein the Learned differ'd from the Unlearned, said, Send them Naked to Strangers, and you shall see.

A good-natur'd Man is ſeldom thank'd for any Kindneſs he does; becauſe many People are ſo ill-natur'd, as to think he can't help it.

As a Man's moſt intimate Friend may be too familiar; ſo Wit not rightly managed, may prove troubleſom and impertinent.

A Poem that has more in Appearance than Reality, is a powerful Impoſture; the Smoothneſs and Cadency of Words giving ſo much Delight to the Fancy, that it even deludes the Judgment.

Action keeps the Soul in Health; whereas Idleneſs ruſts the Mind, and corrupts, as well as benumbs, all its active Faculties.

After the *Athenians* had receiv'd the Moon for a Goddeſs, they committed *Anaxagoras* to Priſon, for Writing of her Eclipſe; ſo great is the Folly of Superſtition!

Aurelius the *Roman* Emperor, us'd to ſay, *Tho' he ſhould have no Reward from above, nor Honour from Man, yet he would chuſe to be a Philoſopher for the ſake of Philoſophy it ſelf.*

A bad Man in Society is like a putrify'd Grape that corrupts the whole Bunch.

A Comic Genius may find ſomething in the Wiſeſt Man, whereby to expoſe him to the Contempt of the Judicious Part of Mankind; as *Ariſtophanes* ſerv'd *Socrates*.

A Chriſtian's Way is ſo narrow, and the Danger ſo great, as requires him to be continually upon the Watch.

As there is Sorrow in Poverty; ſo there is Trouble in Riches. Covet therefore no more than enough: More die of a Surfeit, than of Hunger.

As you are fearful to commit great Sins; ſo be careful to avoid ſmall ones. He that makes a light matter of a ſmall Sin, may in time do ſo by a great one.

As Detraction and Flattery are generally Companions; ſo they are the infallible Marks of a Soul degenerate and mean: For he that can reproach a Great and Good Man in Diſgrace, will never ſtick to flatter the moſt ſordid Wretch in Power.

A wise Man avoids as much to contradict, as being contradicted; and the more his Judgment inclines him to censure, the more cautious he is not to publish it.

As the Spleen has great Inconveniencies; so the Pretence of it is a handsome Cover for many Imperfections: It often makes Ill Nature pass for Ill Health, Dulness for Gravity, and Ignorance for Reservedness.

A comely Countenance is a silent Commendation, and is generally the *Index* of the Mind: For the Rays of the Soul passing thro' it, discover what Degree of Brightness is within. So that the Aspect seems design'd, not only for Ornament but Information: For what can be more significant, than the sudden Flushing and Confusion of a Blush, than the Sparklings of Rage, the Lightning of a Smile, which seems to make the very Soul Visible?

Agesilaus King of *Sparta*, being ask'd his Opinion which was the greatest Virtue, Fortitude or Justice; gave it for the latter: *For* (says he) *we should have no need of Fortitude, if we were all Just.*

A Man of extraordinary Parts and Abilities is many times neglected for want of Character; while he that affects Popularity, without the least Pretension to Merit, is puff'd up with the Applauses of the Ignorant, which the other scorns.

Alcamenes the *Spartan*, being reprov'd for his near way of Living, when he had enough and to spare; reply'd, That then only it was commendable to live upon a plentiful Estate within the Compass of Reason, and not according to the Largeness of our Appetites.

A Regular well-govern'd Affection does not scorch; but, like the Lamp of Life, warms the Breast with a gentle and refreshing Heat.

Aurelius us'd to say, He would not part with the little he had learn'd, for all the Gold in the World; and that he had more Glory from what he had read and written, than from all the Victories he had won, and all the Realms he had conquer'd.

As he that is Maſter of a good Invention, ſhews himſelf to have a lively Fancy; ſo he that can make a good Collection, diſcovers a ſound Judgment.

A Smile may be reckon'd the Sun-ſhine of the Soul, that breaks out with the brighteſt Diſtinction: It plays with a ſurpriſing Agreeableneſs in the Eye, and ſits like a Glory upon the Countenance.

A Graceful Preſence and Deportment beſpeaks Acceptance, gives a Force to Language, and helps to convince by Looks and Poſture: Therefore *Mucianus*, Chief Miniſter of State to the Emperor *Veſpaſian*, ſtudied very much to give a becoming Grace to every thing he ſaid: For a free and eaſie manner of Addreſs charms the Minds of Men, and makes the compleat Ornament of Life.

Ariſtotle ſays, That to become an able Man in any Profeſſion, Three Things are neceſſary; that is to ſay, Nature, Study, and Practice.

A Wiſe Man's Soul reſts at the Root of his Tongue; but a Fool's is ever dancing on the Tip of it.

A Man that is ſeriouſly engag'd in an honeſt Employment, wants Leiſure and Opportunity to hearken to the Solicitations of ſinful Pleaſure.

Always put more Confidence in thoſe who have oblig'd you, than in thoſe you have gratify'd: For the former are more likely to do you greater Kindneſs than the latter.

Action only gives a true Value and Commendation to Virtue: For no Man ſhould be ſo taken up in any Study, as to neglect the more neceſſary Duties of an Active Life.

As every Virtue wins upon our Hearts, and even forces us to love thoſe we take to poſſeſs it; ſo more eſpecially do Juſtice and Beneficence.

As the higher our Station is in the World; ſo the more care we ſhould take of our Lives and Actions, that they be kept within the Compaſs of Lowlineſs and Humility.

A Sound

VERSE.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain and a Wood,
Are all the Wealth by Nature understood.
The Monarch on whom Fertile *Nile* bestows
All which that gen'rous grateful Earth can bear,
Does but deceive himself, if he supposes
That more than this falls to his rightful Share.
What more he asks to gratifie his Lust,
Makes but his Title and his Claim unjust.

As all is Dulness, when the Fancy's bad;
So, without Judgment, Fancy is but mad:
And Judgment has a boundless Influence,
Not only in the Choice of Words or Sence;
But on the World, on Manners, and on Men:
Fancy is but the Feather of the Pen.
Reason is that substantial useful Part,
Which gains the Head, while t'other wins the Heart.

A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown,
Or all the Threats, or Favours of a Crown,
Can't vex the Spirit, or allure the Mind
Of him, who to strict Honour is inclin'd.
Tho' all the Pomp and Pleasure which do wait
On Publick Places, and Affairs of State,
Should fondly court him to be Base and Great.

A Man who changes Gold for Burnish'd Brass,
Or small True Gems for worthless Toys of Glass;
Is not (at length) more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and Wretched by the Trade,
Than he, who sells a Solid Good, to buy
The Gawdy Paint of Pride and Vanity.

Are you abus'd? Have any done you Wrong
By the base Venom of a Railing Tongue?
Soft Patience gives an Easie Remedy,
Deadens the Force of that Artillery.
The Poison spreads into the Yielding Air:
Unhurt, you'll find it pass, and Vanish there.

A Wicked Conscience gives a Man no Rest,
Fear spoils his Mirth, and Terror fills his Breast.
The wounded Deer, with Arrow in her Side,
Skips up and down, and no where can abide:
So anxious Thoughts confound his troubl'd Mind,
To such Degree, that he no Rest can find.

Aim not too high: Ambition is at Distance!
A Goodly Prospect, tempting to the View.
The Height delightsome, and the Mountain Top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to Heav'n.
But we ne'er think how Sandy's the Foundation;
What Storms will batter, and what Tempest shake us.

As Di'monds rough, no Lustre can impart
Till their rude Forms are well improv'd by Art;
So untaught Youth, we very rarely find
Display the Dazling Beauties of the Mind,
Till Art and Science are to Nature joyn'd.

A Small Estate, and Sure, is better far
Than Fortunes which in Expectation are.
What we possess, we have. Fancy may feed
Our Future Hopes, not answer Present Need.

All Men may with Impunity receive
What Freedom Prudence, and right Reason give:
But the least swerving from that Rule's too much;
For what's forbidden, 'tis a Sin to touch.

All Creatures do a time of Rest possess,
But Man, who cloggs with Care his Happiness:
And while he shou'd enjoy his Part of Bliss,
With Thoughts of what may be, destroys what is.

A Morning's Joy proves sometimes Grief at Night:
For Fortune's Dial goes not always right.

Ape-like, fond Parents act extremely ill,
While with Embraces, whom they love, they kill.

An Honest Man may take a Knave's Advice;
But Ideots only will be cheated twice.

All humane things are subject to Decay;
And when Death summons, Monarchs must obey.

All true Renown is still with Virtue joyn'd;
But Lust of Pow'r lets loose th' unbridled Mind.

A Spark of Virtue by the deepest Shade
Of sad Adversity, is fairer made.

Ambition is the Dropsie of the Soul,
Whose Thirst we must not yield to, but controul.

All Treason, like the Cockatrice's Eyes,
Kills, if't first sees; but if first seen, it dies.

Single Lines.

A Sluggard, and a diſſolute Perſon are often Companions.
A proud Man is his own Idol, & the Scorn of other Men.
Accuſtom Children to a true Notion of Things.
Approve not of that Man who commends all you ſay.
A Britiſh Man reproaches Human Nature.
A Wicked Man is at continual Variance with himſelf.
Ask not that Queſtion you can reſolve your ſelf.
Abuſe of Mercy ripens us for Judgment.
A Sence of our Ignorance, is the firſt Step to Knowledge.
Adverſity is the Touch-ſtone of Friendſhip.
Affect rather to be Uſeful, than Popular.
A clear Conſcience needs no Excuſe, & fears no Accuſation.
A flattering Companion is a dangerous Enemy.
A wiſe Man's Anger is of ſhort Continuance.
Accept no Preferment on diſhonourable Terms.
Affirm not all you hear, nor ſpeak all you know.
Alms given with Oſtentation diſcover Pride.
An open Enemy is better than a diſſembling Friend.
Ambition is a Luſt that is ſeldom quench'd.
A true Friend, like the Glow-worm, ſhines in the Dark.
A froward Temper makes an anxious Mind and lean Body.
A wiſe Man governs with Eaſe, and is obey'd with Pleaſure.
A prudent Woman ſweetens her Husband's Misfortunes.
A covetous Mind is always attended with Anxiety.
Avoid Temptations, and ſhun Injuries.
A continu'd Proſperity is ever to be ſuſpected.
A ſmall Miſtake may occaſion a great Inconvenience.
A Good Nature is a ſafer Poſſeſſion than Wealth.
A Man when in anger, is abſent to himſelf.
As Man fell by Pride, he recovers by Humility.
An Harlot's Breath is the Gate of Death.
A Word in due ſeaſon ſhews a Maſter of Reaſon.
Abundance and Plenty make Prodigals dainty.

SCRIPTURE.

A Wiſe Man will hear, and will encreaſe Learning.
Attend unto my Words, incline unto my Sayings.
All they that hate Wiſdom, wrong their own Souls.
Abſtain from all appearance of Evil.
A merry Heart maketh a cheerful Countenance.
A Rod is for the Back of him that wants Underſtanding.
A falſe Balance is an Abomination to the Lord.
Anger reſteth in the Boſom of Fools.
A ſoft Anſwer turneth away Wrath.
A righteous Man hateth Lying.
A wiſe Son heareth his Father's Inſtructions.
A wrathful Man ſtirreth up Strife.
A good Name is rather to be choſen than great Riches.
A Fool uttereth all his Mind.

Latin Sentences.

A Jove principium, nam ſunt Jovis omnia plena.
Adeo in teneris aſſueſcere multum eſt.
Ab alio expectes, alteri quod feceris.
Animus vereri qui ſcit, ſcit tuto ingredi.
Ames parentem, ſi æquus eſt; ſi aliter, feras.
Avaro quid mali optes, ni ut vivat diu.
Ad pœnitendum properat, citò qui judicat.

Proverbial Sentences.

A Dry Cough is the Trumpeter of Death.
A Man cannot ſurfeit of too much Honeſty.
An empty Purſe fills the Face with Wrinkles.
A long Tongue is a Sign of a ſhort Hand.
A Man's beſt or worſt Fortune is his Wife.
Adverſity makes a Man wiſe rather than rich.

A blind Man's Wife needs no Painting.
A Gift long waited for, is sold, not given.
A Beggar can never be a Bankrupt.
Advice comes too late, when the thing is done.
A Bribe will enter without Knocking.
A Beggar will sing before a Thief.

B B

Brutus, after his Defeat at *Philippi*, stabb'd himself, with this memorable Saying, That he had pursu'd Virtue, and found it nothing but a Name; not considering that the Victory over our selves was preferable to that over our Enemies.

Be very cautious in believing ill of your Neighbour; but more cautious in reporting it.

By Experience know a Man to be faithful, before you approve him your Friend.

By endeavouring to purchase the Reputation of a Wit, you may hurt the Reputation of a Friend, and lose all Pretensions to Wisdom.

Be not Dilatory and Remiss in the Execution of a well-formed Project.

Bad Manners are a certain Sign and Effect of a Sordid Mind, or Mean Education.

By Reading a Man does, as it were, antedate his Life, and makes himself contemporary with the Ages past; and this way of running up beyond our Nativity, is much better than *Plato*'s Pre-existence.

Beware of Envy: For to grudge any Man an Advantage in Person and Fortune, is to censure the Liberality of Providence, and be angry at the Goodness of God.

Beware of Ostentation and Vain Glory. An accomplish'd Man conceals vulgar Advantages, as a modest Woman hides her Beauty under a negligent Dress.

Be ambitious to merit the Favour of your Prince; but do not chuse to be his Favourite.

Be not forward in Speech, For many times the Tongue hath cut off the Head.

Bajazet being overcome by *Tamerlane*, was shut up in an Iron Cage; which was but a Remove from a Larger into a Lesser Room: For to an Ambitious Mind the whole World is but a wider Cage.

Beware of the Man that has no regard to his own Reputation, since it is not likely he should have any for yours. He that is told of a Fault, and says he does not care, merits Contempt.

By the Benefit of Reason a wise Man may foresee the Rise, Progress, and Events of Things; and by taking in the whole at a View, prepare all things for the Use and Comfort of Life.

Be not too forward to speak, nor affect long Speeches. It's hard to shoot often, and always hit the Mark. Consider what you would be at; and use few and common Words with strong Arguments to attain it.

Beware of Drunkenness. It impairs the Understanding, wasts the Estate, banishes the Reputation, consumes the Body, and renders a Man of the Brightest Parts, the common Jest of an insignificant Clown.

By the force of Natural Affection, *Atys*, who had been dumb all his Life-time, when he saw a Soldier of *Cyrus* ready to kill his Father *Crœsus*; out of a desire to speak, broke the Strings of his Tongue, and cry'd out, *O save my Father!*

Better it is to fall among Crows than Flatterers: For those only devour the Dead, these the Living.

By Industry we are Redeem'd from the Molestations of Idleness, which is the most Tedious and Irksom thing in the World; wrecking our Soul with anxious Suspence, and perplexing Distraction.

By Industry we may Reasonably hope to purchase and preserve Reputation, the Darling of Humane Affection.

By Sloth our Souls are starv'd for want of Satisfactory Entertainment; and fill'd with doleful Considerations, galled with a Sense of our squandring away Precious Time, of our slipping fair Opportunities, and of our not using the Abilities given us, to any Fruit or Profit.

VERSE.

VERSE.

BLeſs'd was that Golden-Age when Man, yet new,
No Rule, but Uncorrupted Reaſon knew:
And with a Native Bent did good purſue:
Unforc'd by Puniſhment, unaw'd by Fear,
His Words were ſimple, and his Soul ſincere.
Needleſs was written Law, where none Oppreſt:
The Law of Man was written in his Breaſt.

Be not puff'd up with Honour, Wealth, or Fame,
Since none of theſe can Beautify the Mind;
But may your Folly and your Pride proclaim,
And render you the Jeſt of Humankind:
When true Humility, without all theſe,
May make you Happy, and ſhall make you Pleaſe.

By being Fortune's Friend, you ſhall have Friends;
But in Adverſity their Friendſhip Ends.
See how the *Doves* to new built Houſes run,
And cautiouſly the ruin'd Towers ſhun,
The empty Barns no Vermin ever haunt;
And no Friend comes to him that is in Want.

Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray;
Who can tread ſure on the ſmooth ſlipp'ry Way:
Pleas'd with the Paſſage, we ſlide ſwiftly on,
And ſee the Danger which we cannot ſhun:
For Beauty, like White-Powder, makes no Noiſe;
And yet the ſilent Hypocrite deſtroys.

Brave Minds oppreſs'd, ſhould in deſpite of Fate
Look greateſt, like the Sun in loweſt State.

Brave Deeds, and ſpotleſs Virtue have
Rewards, which ſhall out-live the Grave.

Single-

Single-Lines.

BY the Approbation of Evil you become Guilty of it.
Before you Attempt conſider whether you can perform.
Be not haſty to Praiſe, leſt you're conſtrain'd to Diſpraiſe.
Beauty, the more 'tis ſeen, the more 'tis admir'd.
Bad Books are the Publick Fountains of Vice.
Bad Company is of a moſt Contagious Nature.
Be Patient to hear others Prais'd, and your own Faults.
Be ſlow in chuſing a Friend, ſlower in changing him.
Bad Men ſeeming Good, commonly intend Ill.
Be not deſirous to know other Mens Secrets.
Be more affraid of ſecret Sins, than open Shame.
Bounty is more commended than imitated.
Brave Spirits promote the Publick Good.
Beauty, like Glaſs, is both brittle and irreparable.
Be patient in Adverſity, and humble in Proſperity.
Be Good betimes, leſt Repentance comes too late.
Beauty without Virtue, is like a painted Sepulchre.
Bury not your Faculties in the Sepulchre of Idleneſs.
Be aſham'd of your Pride, not proud of your Shame.
Be leſs Confident, and more Diligent.
Bear that with Patience which cannot be prevented.
Be Courteous to all, but Familiar with the Virtuous.
By learning to Obey, you ſhall know how to Command.

SCRIPTURE.

BY the Bleſſing of the Upright, the City is Exalted.
Behold the Righteous ſhall be recompenſed in the Earth.
Be not thou one of them who are Sureties for Debts.
Be not among Wine-Bibbers and riotous Eaters of Fleſh.
Buy thou the Truth, and ſell it not.
Be not a Witneſs againſt thy Neighbour without cauſe.
Better is the End of a Thing than the Beginning.

Boaſt

Boaſt not thy ſelf of to Morrow, for thou may'ſt Die to day.
Be not haſty in thy Spirit to be Angry.
By much Slothfulneſs the Building decayeth.

Latin Sentences.

BIS eſt gratum, quod opus eſt ultro ſi offeræ.
Beneficia dare qui neſcit, injuſtè petit.
Bona nemini hora eſt, ut non alicui ſit mala.
Bonis nocet, quiſquis pepercerit malis.
Bonus animus nunquam erranti obſequium accommodat.

Proverbial Sentences.

BY doing Nothing we learn to do Ill.
Buying and Selling, is but Winning and Looſing.
Better paſs a Danger once, than be always in Fear.
Better to be Unmannerly, than too Troubleſom.
Better it is to die a Beggar, than to live a Prodigal.
Better go to Bed Supperleſs, than to riſe in Debt.
Better come at the end of a Feaſt, than beginning of a Fray.
Better to be the Head of a Dog, than the Tail of a Lyon.
Better to be Idle, than not well-occupied.
Borrowing on Uſury, brings ſuddain Beggary.

C C

CAto, the Elder, was ſo Severe, that he us'd to ſay, *He had rather receive no Thanks for a Good Service, than not be puniſh'd for an Ill One*: He pardon'd likewiſe all thoſe who committed any Fault thro' miſtake, but always excepted Himſelf.

Could Virtue be preſented to our Eyes in its Genuine Luſtre, we ſhould be tranſported with the Beaury of it, and deſpiſe Vice, her Rival.

Could

Could we rightly consider the Miseries of others, we should be more thankful for the many Mercies we enjoy.

Contentment is the Precious Jewel of Human Life, and the way to attain it, is the surmounting Difficulties; by curbing vicious Inclinations, fierce unruly Passions, and inordinate Appetites, in overcoming Temptations, and in bearing Injuries with Patience.

Conceal your Weakness from your Child, lest he despise your Instruction, and be hard'ned in his Folly; for he who sees your Folly, will scarce be asham'd of his own.

Compare your Miseries on Earth with your Joys in Heaven, and the Length of the one with the Eternity of the other; so shall your Journey seem short, and your Trouble little.

Cyrus us'd to say, *No Man ought to Govern, but he that is better than those that are Govern'd.*

Cato us'd to say, *He would rather Be, than Appear Good; yet that alone amounts to Inoffensiveness, and not Active Virtue.*

Covetousness has such a Mixture of Selfishness and Envy, that like *Ahab*, it overlooks the Sweets of its own Possession, by a greedy Desire of another Man's. He that is not satisfy'd with what he now Enjoys, may reasonably be suspected he never will, with what he may Possess.

Complaints are Folly, when we are the Authors of our own Misfortunes.

Custom is hard to be Conquer'd; Hence it is that the *Cretans*, when they Curs'd their Enemies, Wish'd, *That they might be Delighted with an Evil Custom.*

Contentment swells a Mite into a Talent, and makes a Man Richer than a King.

Cardinal *Mazarin* told the Queen-Mother, *That were he to Live again, he had rather be a Capuchin, than a Cardinal.*

Contentment is the true Philosophers-Stone; the Poor are Rich that have it, and the Rich are Poor without it.

Common-

Common-Fame is a Lyar, and Truth seldom comes into her Mouth without some Addition or Deminution of it.

Choose suitable Companions. *Alexander* being asked, *Whether he would run a Race?* answer'd, *Yes, If Kings would run with him.*

Cæsar thought it a greater Glory to be the first Man in some obscure Village, than second Man in *Rome*, the Head City of the World.

Confidence is apt to Expose it self, to over-grasp Business, to Talk without Thinking, and to fail in the Decencies of Conversation.

Conscience and Covetousness are never to be reconciled: Like Fire and Water, they always destroy each other, according to the Predominancy of either.

Coriolanus, the *Roman* General, being disgusted that his Services to the State were not (as he thought) sufficiently rewarded, was told by the Consul, That he made himself an ample Recompence, by being *Proud*.

Conceitedness and Ignorance are a most unhappy Composition: For none are so invincible as your half-witted People; who know just enough to excite their Pride, but not so much as to cure their Ignorance.

Custom and Example give the Finishing Stroke to natural Corruption; and make Vice reign in the World with Sovereign Sway.

Covet not many Books; but let them be like the Number of your Friends, few, and such as you may delightfully converse with, and improve by.

Chidings or Rebukes should be generally mild and gentle; but nevertheless such as may carry some Weight and Authority along with them; ever observing a Mean betwixt too great Easiness, and breaking out into angry and contumelious Language.

VERSE.

COnsider, Friend, who all our Blessings gave;
What are recall'd again, and what you have:
And do not murmur, when you are bereft
Of little, if you have sufficient left.

Consider too, how many Thousands are
Under the worst of Miseries, Despair.
And don't repine at what you now endure:
Custom will give you Ease, or Time a Cure.

Can you recover your consumed Flesh
From the well-feasted Worms? Or put on fresh?
Can you redeem your Ashes from the Dead?
Or quit your Carcass from her Sheet of Lead?
Can you awaken your Earth's-closed Eyes,
Or yet unlock your Monument, and rise?
All this you may perform with as much Ease
As to repent, O Mortals, when you please!

Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind:
Happy's the Man that can that Treasure find.
But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
Broods on his Gold; and griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
His Gains augment his unextinguish'd Thirst,
With Plenty, poor, and with Abundance curst.

Content's a Cordial that still gives Relief,
Ev'n in the sharpest Agonies of Grief.
God is not always angry when he strikes;
But most chastises those, whom most he likes.
And if with humble Spirits they complain,
Relieves their Anguish, or rewards their Pain.

Custom too often Wisdom over-rules,
And only serves for Reason, to the Fools.
Ill Customs by degrees to Habits rise;
Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice.
Ill Habits gather by unseen Degrees,
As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers swell to Seas.

Conversing with a Stranger, thou must learn
By strictest Observation to discern
If he be wiser than thy self: If so,
Be dumb, and rather chuse by him to know.

But if thy ſelf perchance the wiſer be,
Then do thou ſpeak, that he may learn by thee.

Commend not, till the Man is throughly known:
Praiſe vicious Men, you make their Faults your own,
Conſcious of Guilt, your ſelf do not defend;
Reſerve that Favour for an injur'd Friend,
Whom Malice and Miſtake unjuſtly blame:
You are the proper Guardian of his Fame.

Compaſſion proper to Mankind appears,
Which Nature witneſs'd when ſhe lent us Tears,
To ſhew by pitying Look, and melting Eyes,
How with a ſuff'ring Friend we ſympathize.
Who can all Senſe of others Ill eſcape,
Is but a Brute at beſt, in Humane Shape.

Could but Mens Souls diſſolve as faſt away
As their corrupting Carcaſſes decay,
They'd covet Death, to end their preſent Cares,
And for prevention of their future Fears,
They'd to the Grave, as an *Aſylum*, run,
And court the Stroke which now they wiſh to ſhun.

Children, like tender Oziers, take the Bow;
And, as they firſt are faſhion'd, always grow.
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone
In Age, we are by ſecond Nature prone.

Care, that in Cloyſters only ſeals her Eyes,
Which Youth thinks Folly, Age as Wiſdom owns.
Fools, by not knowing her, out-live the Wiſe.
She viſits Cities, but ſhe dwells in Thrones.

Corruption of the Beſt is always Worſt;
And foul Ambition, like an evil Wind,
Blights the fair Bloſſom of a Noble Mind;
And if a *Seraph* fall he's doubly Curſt.

Credit obtain'd, Untruth for Truth may paſs
As current Coin, tho' underneath its Braſs.

But

But if Perfidious thou but once be found,
Thy Words tho' true, like to Untruth will sound.

Caſt off all needleſs and diſtruſtful Care;
A little is enough, too much a Snare.
Our Journey from our Cradle to our Grave
Cannot be long, nor large Proviſion crave.

Cadmus did firſt the wondrous Art deviſe
Of Painting Words, and Speaking to the Eyes;
By various Lines to curious Order brought,
Body and Colours were giv'n unto a Thought.

Cenſure none raſhly. Nature's apt to hault.
Look inward: he's Un-born that has no Fault.

Cuſtom's a cruel Tyrant; he that can
Well bear or break its Force, is more than Man.

Clandeſtine Plots more dang'rous are by far
Than all Hoſtilities of open War.

Content is all we aim at with our Store,
And having that with little, need no more.

Single-Lines.

COnſider the Strength of your Enemy before you engage.
Cuſtom makes a Perſon move like an Engine.
Catch not at the Shadow and looſe the Subſtance.
Commit not that to another that you can do your ſelf.
Covetous Perſons can't tell what would Content them.
Content of Mind is preferable to Riches and Honour.
Cuſtom in Infancy, becomes Nature in Old Age.
Contemn not the Poor, nor flatter the Rich.
Confine your Tongue, leaſt it confine you.
Charity ſhould Begin at Home, and End abroad.
Commend nor Diſcommend any Man haſtily.
Council from an Inferior ſhould be call'd for, not offer'd.
Children require Inſtruction, as well as Proviſion.
Content is the Poor's Riches, Deſire the Rich Man's Poverty.

Chide him not too much, who confeſſes his Fault.
Cuſtom is the Plague of Wiſe Men, and the Idol of Fools.
Conſult not with a Fool, for he cannot give, nor keep Counſel.
Cunning many times floats between Virtue and Vice.
Conceal your Weakneſs from them you Inſtruct.
Conceal your Wants from them that cannot Help you.
Complements ſuppoſe the Receiver Proud and Fooliſh.
Compaſſionate Men never prove Extortioners.

Courteſy and Humility, are marks of Gentility.
Caſt off betimes your darling Crimes.
Courts have great Snares, or griping Cares.
Chiefly that Strife decline, that is enflam'd by Wine.
Correction betimes, prevents many Crimes.
Curſing, Swearing, Lying, all Men hate when Dying.

SCRIPTURE.

Commit your Ways to the Lord, and he ſhall direct you.
Correction is grievous to him that forſaketh his Way.
Ceaſe, my Son, to hear the Inſtruction that cauſeth to Err.
Childrens Children are the Crown of Old Age.
Commit your Work to the Lord, and it ſhall be eſtabliſh'd.
Ceaſe from Anger, forſake Wrath, and do no Evil.
Caſt out the Scorner, and Contention ſhall ceaſe.
Curſe not the King, no, not in thy Thoughts.
Charity ſuffereth long, and is kind.
Charity vaunteth not it ſelf, is not puffed up.

Latin Sentences.

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone Viator.
Cum fueris felix quæ ſunt adverſa caveto.
Cum rectè vivas, ne cures verba Malorum.
Conſtans & levis ut res cunque expoſtulat eſto.
Contra verboſos noli contendere Verbis.
Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent.
Cujus mortem expectant cives, vitam oderint.
Conſueta Vitia ſerimus, niſi reprehendimus.
Contemni eſt levius, quam ſtultitiâ percuti.
Crudelis in re adverſa eſt objurgatio.

Proverbial Sentences.

COnfeſſion of a Fault makes half amends for it.
Contemplation is a Day without a Night.
Courteſy on one ſide never laſts long.
Credit loſt, is like a *Venice*-Glaſs broke.

D D

DOn't extravagantly Commend a Man, leſt you detract from your Company, and diſcover too great an Opinion of your own Judgment; ſince whatever you Praiſe him for, you ſlily inſinuate your ſelf to underſtand.

Diſcover not to your Enemy either your Wants or Fears, for thereby you ſtrengthen his Hands, and weaken your own; his Deſigns which before were attended with many Difficulties, are by your Imprudence made Eaſy to effect.

Demetrius would not ſet *Rhodes* on Fire, becauſe his Friend *Protogenes* was there. What ſhall we then think of thoſe that deface God's Image within them by the flames of Luſt.

Do nothing but what is Praiſe-worthy, nor be puffy up with the Praiſe of Men, ſince Men generally commend thoſe that are Good to them, rather than thoſe that are truly Good in themſelves.

Don't think you are good enough, becauſe you are not known to be otherwiſe, and never think your ſelf ſo good as not to need mending.

Do for your Enemy as much as you can, and what is not in your Power, Pray to God to do for him.

Darius being purſu'd by his Enemies, grew very thirſty, and was forc'd to quench his Draught at the next running Brook, with this Exclamation, That the Luxury of Water to a true Thirſt, was far more ſweet than delicious Wines to a debauch'd Taſte!

Delights ariſe from a Suitableneſs between the Object

and

and the Faculty; from having what we desire, and enjoying what we have: The Wicked therefore cannot delight in God, because they neither desire him nor can enjoy him.

Disdain not your Inferior, tho' Poor, since he may be your Superior in Wisdom, and the noble Endowments of Mind.

Don't pursue the things of this World immoderately; Be not dejected for any Disappointment. Crave nothing too eagerly, Rejoyce not excessively at any Prosperity: so shall you live quietly, and die contentedly.

Did we rightly consider the Certainty of Death, and the Uncertainty of the Time, we should every day Die to Live.

Despise no Man altho' you're much Exalted; since a little time will level thee with the meaneſt.

Desire and Despair when they're both at the height, are some of the strongest Ingredients of Unhappiness.

Discourse should be easie and good-natur'd, without any Stiffness in Opinion.

Discourse should be season'd with Mirth and Pleasantness, and not too Tedious, Pert, or Assuming, as tho' it had a right to the Attention of the Hearers.

Decency is to be observ'd in all our Actions; but especially in Discourse, where we are to consider how far our Discourse may be Entertaining: and as we could find a time when to begin, so we should learn when to leave off.

Despair makes a despicable Figure, and descends from a mean Original. 'Tis the Offspring of Fear, of Laziness and Impatience. It argues a Defect of Spirit and Resolution.

Do not impoverish your self by Covetousness, if Providence should bless you with Riches: But if it make you poor, enrich your self by Contentment.

Despair of Success weakens the active Faculties, cramps the Powers of Nature, cuts the Nerves of our Endeavours, and blunts the Edge of all Industry.

Don't speak reproachfully of any Man: for such Injuries

ries are seldom forgotten, and may prove a Hindrance to your Preferment.

Declare not your Mind unto every Man. Be familiar with few Men: But be courteous to all.

Demetrius, the *Athenian*, advis'd King *Ptolemy* to read Books of History, and such which treated of Government; for they will tell Princes those Truths which a flattering Courtier dares not.

Do not undertake rashly, nor perform with a cold Indifference: The one shews a weak Mind, the other a slothful Disposition.

Don't endeavour to execute that by Force, which you may obtain by fair means.

VERSE.

DReams are but Interludes which Phancy makes:
When Monarch Reason sleeps, this Mimick wakes.
Compound a medley of disjoynted Things,
A Court of Coblers, and a Mobb of Kings.
Light Fumes are merry, grosser Fumes are sad,
Both are the Reasonable Soul run Mad.
And many Monstrous Forms in sleep we see
That never were, nor are, nor e'er shall be.

Dim as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars,
To lonely, weary, wandring Travellers;
Is Reason to the Soul, for as on high
Those rowling Fires, discover but the Sky.
Not Light as here; so Reason's glimmering Ray,
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful Way,
But guide us upward to a better Day.

Don't bind your self to what you cannot do;
And only Swear to that you know is True:
For 'tis a wicked, blasphemous Offence
To call on God for each Impertinence:
Or to adjure his Name to testify
That to be Truth, you know to be a Lie.

Do not Belief in every one repose;
For seeming Friends prove oft the greatest Foes.

In faireſt Meadows dang'rous Adders lie:
And moſt Deceit is clad in Flattery;
Which in deluding Counſellors is ſhown,
Not for thy Gain, or Profit, but their Own.

Double Allegiance, Lord, to thee I owe,
Both as thy Subject, and thy Creature too:
'Twere then in me the moſt ungrateful Guilt
Not to perform or ſuffer what thou wilt.
My place is to Obey, and not Diſpute
A Will ſo Good, a Power ſo Abſolute.

Decreed by God, in Mercy to Mankind;
Our Troubles are to this ſhort Life confin'd.
Want, Weakneſs, Pain, Diſeaſe, and Sorrow have
Their general *Quietus* in the Grave.
The Living never ſhould the Dead lament;
Death's our Reward, and not our Puniſhment.

Delays are Dang'rous, take a Friend's Advice;
Begin, be Bold, and venture to be Wiſe:
He who defers this Work from day to day,
Does on a River's Bank expecting, ſtay
Till the whole Stream, which ſtopt him, ſhould be gon;
Which as it runs, for ever will run on.

Diſſenſions, like ſmall Streams, are firſt begun:
Scarce ſeen they riſe; but gather as they run.
So Lines, which from their Parallel decline,
The more they 'dvance, the more they ſtill disjoyn.

Diſtruſt, and Darkneſs of a Future State
Make poor Mankind too fearful of their Fate.
Death in it ſelf, is nothing: But we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.

Death only ſhews us the true Size of Men
Who, when alive, look big, and ſwell; but when
That Puff of Breath's withdrawn, content with Room,
Shrink from an Empire to a narrow Tomb.

Death cannot chuſe but be to him a Snare,
Who made it in his Life his chiefeſt Care
To be a Publick Pageant; known to all,
But unacquainted with himſelf, doth fall.

Doubtleſs, for Happineſs we need not roam,
'Tis eaſieſt had with little, and at home:
The Man whom God does with Contentment bleſs,
Tho' he has little, does the World poſſeſs.

Deſpiſe the World, with all its fading Joys;
Compar'd with Heav'nly Things, they're trifling Toys.

Death comes too ſoon in gay and proſp'rous Days,
But in our Miſery too long delays.

Daring Ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand;
And Fortune's Ice prefers to Virtue's Land.

Single Lines.

DAnger and Adverſity diſcover true Friendſhip.
Diſcord reduces Strength to Weakneſs.
Diſpenſe with ſmall Inconveniencies for a greater Profit.
Deride not Infirmities, nor inſult over Miſeries.
Deſpiſe not the Poor; for you may want their Virtue.
Deſpair of Cure is worſe than the Diſeaſe.
Death will comfortably end a well-ſpent Life.
Decline ſuch Company as will allure you to Sin.
Delights, like Phyſicians, leave us when dying.
Diviſion and Contention are upheld by Pride.
Diſſembled Holineſs is double Iniquity.
Double-dealing, is a ſign of a baſe Spirit.
Do not in Proſperity what you'll repent of in Adverſity.
Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

SCRIPTURE.

DEviſe not Evil againſt thy Neighbour.
Death and Life are in the Power of the Tongue.
Do not render Evil for Evil unto any Man.

Deſpiſe not thou the Chaſtening of the Lord.
Deſtruction ſhall be to the Workers of Iniquity.
Deceit is in the Heart of them who imagine evil.
Depart from Evil, and do good; ſeek Peace, and purſue it.
Delight your ſelves in the Lord, & he will grant your Deſires
Do nothing through Strife, or Vain-glory.

Proverbial Sentences.

DEeds are Fruits; Words are but Leaves.
Diſtance is the beſt Remedy againſt an evil Man.
Drunkenneſs reveals what Soberneſs conceals.
Do not govern your Life by Fancy, but by Reaſon.
Do no hurt, where you can do no good.
Delay in many Caſes is dangerous.

Latin Sentences.

DIes adimit ægritudinem hominibus.
Degeneres animos timor arguit.
Dulce & decorum eſt pro patria mori.
Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam.
Dediſcit animus ſerò, quod didicit diu.
Diſcite, Vos miſeri, & cauſas cognoſcite rerum.

E E

ENvy is an ill-natur'd Vice, it is made up of Meanneſs and Malice: It wiſhes the Force of Goodneſs reſtrain'd, and the Meaſure of Happineſs abated: It laments at the Sight of Proſperity, and ſickens at the Sight of Health.

Emulation is a noble Paſſion, it is Enterprizing, but yet 'tis Juſt: It keeps a Man within the Terms of Honour, and makes the Conqueſt for Glory fair and generous; which it does, as it ſtrives to excel by raiſing it ſelf, and not by depreſſing another.

Envious Persons are generally ungrateful, mean, proud, impotent, and malicious: They lie under a double Misfortune: Common Calamity and common Blessings fall heavy upon them: Nature gives them a Share in the First, and their ill Nature in the Latter: And having their own Troubles, and the Happiness of their Neighbours to disturb them, they need no other Ingredients of Misery.

Edward the Third was very gentle, if submitted to; but if opposed, very stern. He was a Prince, both of his Passions and his People; For he was never so loving, as to be Fond; and never so angry, as to be Inexorable.

Epicurus mock'd at all Pains that torment the Body; saying, *If they were small, we should not mind them; and if violent, they would not last long.*

Entertain Honour with Humility, Poverty with Patience, Blessings with Thankfulness, and Afflictions with Resignation.

Excellent Speculations put but dead Colours on Virtue. He that would draw it to the Life, must imprint it on his Practice.

Envy pretends to no other Happiness, than what it derives from the Miseries of other People; and will rather eat nothing it self, than not starve those who would.

Education either makes or marrs us; and Governments, as well as private Families, are concerned in the Consequences of it.

Every Man living is partial in his own Case: For it is the Humour of Mankind to have their Neighbours Faults always in their Eye, and to cast their own out of sight.

Every Degree of Advancement in the Mortification of our Vicious Inclinations, is the Testimony of the Purity of our Purposes; so that in what degree we despise Sensual Pleasure, in the same degree we may conclude our Hearts Spiritual.

Endeavour to make your Fortune as well as you can, and then be Content it is not worse; and if it is not so Good as you could wish it, be thankful that it is not so Bad as it might have been; and tho' you are not so Happy as you desire, yet remember well, you are not

Epaminondas, the day after he had defeated the *Lacedemonians* at *Leuctra*, appear'd in publick, Melancholy and Pensive; being resolv'd to Correct his Heart, lest it should be too much Elevated with the Joy of his Victory.

Ever expect Death, but not wish for it: Let your last Hour find you rather willing to go, than desirous to tarry; and take care you put not off Repentance till another day, lest you see not an End of this.

Ethelwald Bishop of *Winchester*, in a Famine, sold all the Rich Vessels and Ornaments of the Church to relieve the Poor with Bread, Saying, *There was no reason that the Dead Temples of God should be Sumptuously Furnished, and the Living Temples suffer Want.*

Every one beats the Man whom Fortune buffets.

Want does th' Expansion of the Mind Controul,
It Cramps the Rising Spring, and Dwarfs the Soul.

Envious Men may be compar'd to Chafing-Dishes; which cannot Heat a Thing without Burning themselves.

Every Condition has some Trouble; so that when we court a Change, we rather seek to Vary, than End our Miseries.

Every Man is attackt in the Reproaching of Him, who has bravely serv'd his Country; and he scarce deserves the Name of a Man, who can silently hear it.

Earthly Treasure cannot give Virtue; but Virtue may give Contentment; and in Contentment we have all the Treasure which the World contains.

Envious Men lose the Enjoyment of what they Possess, by the Discontent they shew at what others Enjoy.

Endeavour to suppress the first Thoughts of Revenge; lest you create a Civil War in your self, while you are studying to wound another.

Extraordinary Diligence is requir'd as well to maintain, as to gain Honour; for as it is purchas'd by Worthy Actions, so it must be nourish'd by them.

Every one would be thought to be in Love with Heaven, and yet few are willing to leave the Earth; so much is Variance is Mankind with itself.

Equality is the Life of Conversation, and he is more blameable

blameable who assumes to himself any Part above another, than he who considers himself below the rest of the Society: Familiarity in Inferiors is Saucineſs, in Superiors Condeſcention; neither of which are to be nam'd among Companions, the very Word implying that they are Equal.

VERSE.

EXamine well the Object, and compare
Th' unequal Periods, which allotted are
To weeping Penitents, and ſhort-liv'd Bliſs;
How long the one, how ſhort the other is.
Joy in a Moment often ends its Race,
And rueful, pale Repentance take its Place.

Ev'n I condemn the hated Ills I act,
And thus a double Miſery contract:
Yet of my Chains I'm not ſo Weary grown,
But that I ſtill am putting others on;
For Sin has always this attending Curſe
To back the firſt Tranſgreſſion with a worſe.

Ev'n as the Sun, when he from Noon declines,
And with abated Heat leſs fiercely ſhines,
Seems to grow milder, as he goes away,
Pleaſing himſelf with the Remains of Day:
So he, who in his Youth, for Glory ſtrove,
Would recompence his Age with Eaſe and Love.

External Pomp, and viſible Succeſs
Sometime contribute to our Happineſs;
But that which makes it Genuine, refin'd,
Is a good Conſcience, and a Soul reſign'd.

Endeavour bears a Value, more or leſs,
Juſt as 'tis recommended by Succeſs:
The lucky Coxcomb ev'ry Man will Prize;
And Proſp'rous Actions often paſs for Wiſe.

Eternity

Eternity no Parent does admit,
But on it ſelf did firſt it ſelf Beget:
Which when Ten thouſand thouſand Years are gon,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.

E're Man's Corruptions made him Wretched, he
Was Born moſt Noble; who was Born moſt Free;
Each of himſelf was Lord and Unconfin'd,
Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind.

Evil Diſcourſe Corrupts; how oft is Death
Blown into Souls by an Infectious Breath?

Each Moment brings Us nearer to our End;
Why ſhould we then our Precious Time miſpend?

Eternity, when time falls Sick and Dies,
Will bring his Winding-Sheet, and cloſe his Eyes.

Ears we have two, one Tongue; from whence 'tis clear,
Before we Speak Once, we ought Twice to Hear.

Each Good Man is in any Place at Home,
The Bad's an Exile whereſoe'er he come.

Example is a Living Law, whoſe Sway
Men more than all the Written Laws obey.

Single Lines.

ENvy and Exceſs waſte the Spirit and the Fleſh.
Envy like a *Vulture* preyeth on it ſelf.
Exceſſive Boaſting is a ſign of Ignorance and Cowardice.
Eat rather for Appetite, than for Pleaſure.
Eſteem him who teacheth you Wiſdom.
Endeavour to Reform your Friend as well as your Self.
Encouragement is the Promoter of Ingenious Performances.
Every Delay of Repentance is a Cheat upon our ſelves.
Envy is the Rack of the Soul, and the Torture of the Body.
Envy is always Waiting where Virtue Flouriſhes.

Extortion,

Extortion, like a Canker, may Conſume our well-got Gains.
Examine and Puniſh your own Infirmity.
Education is that which makes the Man.

Extravagant Actions bring conſtant Diſtractions.
Error and Repentance attend a Guilty Conſcience.
Evil ſhall them purſue, who Virtuous Paths eſchew.
Extend not your Cares to other Mens Affairs.
Envious Men moſt Fret when others Money get.

SCRIPTURE.

ENter not into the Path of the Wicked and Evil Men.
Every Prudent Man dealeth with Knowledge.
Exalt the Lord our God, and Worſhip upon his Holy Hill.
Envy not a Sinner's Glory, for thou knoweſt not his End.
Exalt Wiſdom and ſhe ſhall Promote thee.
Even a Child is known by his Doings.
Every Purpoſe is eſtabliſh'd by Counſel.

Proverbial Sentences.

EVil gotten, Evil ſpent, *Malè parta Malè dilabuntur.*
Eat at Pleaſure, Drink by Meaſure.
Eaſe and Honour are ſeldom Bedfellows.
Every Man's a Pilot in a Calm Sea.

Latin Sentences.

EST profectò Deus qui quæ nos gerimus auditque & videt.
Eſt aliquid prodire tenus, ſi non datur ultra.
Eximia eſt virtus præſtare ſilentia rebus:
Enervant animos Citharæ, cantuſque, lyræque,
Ebeu quam brevibus pereunt ingentia cauſis.
Ex vitio alterius, ſapiens emendat ſuum.
Eget minus mortalis, quo minus cupit.

F F

FOR a Perſon to imagine he can ſo far Impoſe on the World by vain, glorious, and oſtentatious Appear-

nces, as to eſtabliſh a laſting Reputation; is, to ſuppoſe the Publick intolerably weak, and himſelf the greateſt Maſter of Learning.

For to ſay God cannot govern the World, is to ſuppoſe him to have created Witneſſes of his own Imperfection; and to ſay, God can, and does not govern the World, is to make his Ability to be in vain: Both which are abſurd.

Future Events muſt be left to Providence: And it's a Happineſs we are oblig'd to depend on: For could Men foreſee the Good, or Evil that befal them, it would take away all prudent care to obtain the one, and avoid the other.

Fame and Opportunity have ſwift Wings; and the Difference is, that Fame goes forward, and Opportunity backward: She muſt therefore be taken by the Forelock: for occaſion paſt is irrecoverable, and the Loſs by Neglect irreparable.

Favour is to be eſteem'd, but not depended on. He that ſtands on another Man's Legs, knows not how ſoon they may fail him. Be ſure therefore never to lean ſo hard upon any Man, that if he ſinks he may give thee a Fall.

Fabricius was ſo true a *Roman*, as not to be brib'd by the Gold of *Pyrrhus*, nor daunted by his Elephant: For neither the Charms of the one, nor the Frightfulneſs of the other, ſhould ever ſhake a Spirit truly devoted to the Intereſt of his Country.

Fulgentius ſaid, Chriſt died for Men and Angels: for the one, that they may Riſe from Sin; for the other, that they may not fall into it.

Felicity generally eats up Circumſpection; and when that Guard is wanting, we lie open to the Shot of General Danger.

For a Man to take his Meaſures wholly from Books, without Converſation and Buſineſs, is like Travelling in a Map; where, tho' Countries and Cities are well enough diſtinguiſh'd, yet Villages and private Seats are generally overlook'd.

From a Diffidence and Diſtruſt of our ſelves, ariſes Fear, which ſo abſolutely tyrannizes over the Mind, that it deprives it of all Liberty: Inſomuch that Reaſon is at a ſtand, Words are frozen, and Activity becomes diſabled.

Few are ſo generous, as to praiſe without ſome Exception, and their Refuſal of Commendations is generally with a deſign to be prais'd twice.

From an extraordinary Love ſome have to hear themſelves talk, they will rather ſpeak Evil of themſelves; and mention what they are concern'd to conceal, rather than hold their Peace.

Fabius Maximus would never come to a Set-Battle with *Hannibal*; but tir'd him with continual Delays and Marches; which made *Hannibal* ſay, *That he was more afraid of* Fabius, *who would not Fight, than of* Marcellus, *who was always for Fighting.*

Fables, Figures, Allegories and Poems, many times ſoften the Severities of Inſtruction, and enforce the Doctrines that are contained under them.

For a Perſon to appropriate to himſelf the Reputation that ariſes from another's Performance, diſcovers a Barrenneſs of Mind, a vain-glorious Humour, a lazy Diſpoſition, and an unjuſt Principle.

For us to know the End, diſtinguiſhes us from Beaſts; and for us to chuſe a good End, diſtinguiſhes us from Evil Men.

Few take care to live well, but many to live long; tho' 'tis in a Man's Power to do the Former, but in no Man's Power to do the Latter.

Faith may ſometimes exceed Reaſon, but not oppoſe it; and Belief may be often above Senſe, not againſt it: beware therefore of an implicit Faith, and of being too cloſely ty'd up to Reaſon in Matters of Faith.

VERSE.

FOR the few Hours of Life allotted me,
Give me, Great God, but Bread and Liberty;
I'll beg no more. If more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
I'll thankfully that Over-plus receive.
If beyond this, no more be freely sent,
I thank for this, and go away content.

Friends are like Leaves that on the Trees do grow,
In Summer's prosp'rous State much Love they show.
But art thou in adversity? Then they,
Like Leaves from Trees, in Autumn fall away.
Happy is he, who hath a Friend indeed;
But he more happy is, who none does need.

Fear to offend your Judgment, fear to slight;
Reason's th' unbias'd Rule of Wrong and Right.
Follow her Conduct; as you safely may,
Wherever her discretion leads the way.
While, in your selves, her Dictates you suppress,
You're tumbling down a dang'rous Precipice.

From humane Nature's Depravation springs
The vain pursuit, and vicious Course of things.
Hence gaudy Scenes of temporal Joys we prize,
And Paths of endless Happiness despise.
Thus glorious Virtues Search, we madly slight,
And spurn the Charms of her Cælestial Light.

Freedom of Choice endures Restraint but ill;
'Tis Usurpation on th' unbounded Will.
For Freedom in our Choice we count a Bliss,
Eager to chuse, tho' oft we chuse amiss.

For whatsoever End Affliction's sent,
For Virtue's Trial, or for Punishment;
I'll bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous Woe,
And still adore the Hand that gives the Blow.

First, worship God: He that forgets to pray,
Bids not himself Good-morrow, or Good day.
Let thy first Labour be, to purge thy Sin;
And serve him first, whence all things did begin.

Fame is at best but an inconstant Good;
Vain are the boasted Tides of our Blood.
We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
And with our Youth, our short-liv'd Beauty dies.

Force never yet a generous Breast did gain:
We yield on Parly, but are storm'd in vain.
Constraint in all things makes the Pleasure less;
Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness.

Friends are like Gold: If true, they'll never leave thee.
Yet both, without a Touch-stone, may deceive thee.

Fear timely comes before a Fault's begun.
He fears too late, who fears not till 'tis done.

From Follies past no Counsel can arise,
But a just Caution to become more wise.

Fond Men, by Passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those Idols which their Fancy made.

Friendship will not the least Reserve endure;
But loves to share in Griefs it cannot cure.

Fortune a Goddess is to Fools alone:
The Wise are always Masters of their own.

Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill.
A Wise Man's Power 's the Limit of his Will.

Single Lines.

FEED your Body as your Slave, not as your Master.
Faults committed in *publick*, should be *publickly* reprov

Fortune commonly favours the Courageous.
For a Man to Command himself, is no small Conquest.
First learn to Obey, before you pretend to Govern.
Flattering Friends are worse than Open Enemies.
Frequent commission of Sin hardens Men in it.
Forget not God in your Mirth, nor your self in your Anger.
Friendship is the peculiar Concomitant of a generous Soul.
Follies past are sooner remembred than redrest.
Frothy Wit and a Vicious Life tend to Atheism.
Follow the Dictates of Reason, and you are safe.
Fondlings are commonly Unfortunate.
Flattery is like Painted Armour, more for shew, than use.

For what we Possess, our Maker we Bless.
Fortune may Wealth destroy, but can't the Mind annoy.
Few Sailors perform what they Vow in a Storm.
Fame gotten by Perjury, is Honour won by Infamy.

SCRIPTURE.

Forsake the Foolish, and go in the way of Understanding.
Fools make a mock at Sin.
Folly is Joy to him that is destitute of Wisdom.
Foolishness is bound in the Heart of a Child.
Faithful are the Wounds of a Friend.
Fret not thy self because of the Evil-doers.
Fathers, provoke not your Children to Anger.

Proverbial Sentences.

FOOLS tye Knots, wise Men undoe them.
Flee Pleasure, and it will follow you.
Fools may put somewhat in a wise Body's Head.
Fools make Feasts and wise Men eat them.

Latin Sentences.

Facile omnes cum valemus recta consilia ægrotis damus.
Fortes creantur fortibus & bonis.
Fortuna opes auferre, non animum potest.
Formosa facies muta commendatio est.

Fortuna multis nimium dedit, nulli satis.
Fatetur facinus is, qui judicium fugit.

G G

GIving Praise with an Exception is a Malicious way of Speaking; for to Praise a Man is to suppose him Wise and Honest; but to do it with an Exception, is to insinuate him to be a Fool or a Knave.

God encourages us to be Good by glorious Promises, and deters us from Ill by severe Threatnings: If neither of these will do, we are lost.

God is then most Angry when he suffers us to Sin without Punishing us for it; for he always Chastizes them whom most he Loves.

Generous and Noble Spirits strive as much not to be overcome in Courtesy; as the Valiant and Couragious not to be overcome in Battle.

God is pleas'd to teach us Dependence on him, by keeping the Fortunes of Men in his own Hands; yet he hinders no Man from becoming Wise and Virtuous, and thereby truly Happy.

Give your Heart to your Creator; Reverence to your Superiors; Honour to your Parents; your Bosom to your Friend; Diligence to your Calling; Ear to good Counsel; and Alms to the Poor.

God is mercifully Severe when he cuts off the Supply of our Luxury, and disables the Power of Extravagance.

Gyges, the Rich King of *Lydia*, inquir'd of the Oracle, who was Happier than himself; the Oracle answer'd *Aglaius*, who was a poor *Arcadian*, contented with a little, who measured Happiness not by the abundance of Riches, but the tranquility of the Mind.

God in his infinite Wisdom has Corrected the boundless Desires of Man, by stinting his Strength, and contracting his Capacity: For every Intelligent Being, if its Force was not limited, would soon be Master of all known Perfection.

God ſhall be my God in Sickneſs and in Health, and my Truſt ſhall be in him in both; ſo that in Health I ſhall not fear Sickneſs, nor in Sickneſs deſpair of Health.

Good Intentions will never juſtify Evil Actions, nor will a good Action juſtify an ill Intention; both muſt be Good, or neither will be Acceptable.

God has ſo wiſely ordered things in the Adminiſtration of the Affairs of the World, as to encourage the uſe of Means, and yet ſo as to keep Men in a continual Dependence on him for the Succeſs of them.

God has made our preſent Satisfaction and our Duty ſo much of a Piece, that we cannot tranſgreſs the Latter without breaking the Former.

Gentle and prudent Reply to indecent and ſcurrilous Language, is the moſt ſevere, tho' innocent Revenge.

God will not Save us againſt our Wills: for to neceſſitate us to Goodneſs, is not to try our Obedience, but to force it.

God makes no Promiſe relating to our Happineſs in this Life or a better, but on Condition of Obedience.

God many times orders Things for the beſt, as well when they croſs our Deſires, as when they agree with them.

Glaucius ſpeaking of the Deſtruction of the World, ſaid, *As the firſt was by Water, for the Heat of the Inhabitants Luſt; ſo the laſt would be by Fire, for the Coldneſs of their Zeal.*

God has promiſed his Pardon to them that truly Repent to Day; but we no where Read that he has promiſed it to them that put it off till to Morrow.

Good Books are a Guide in Youth, and an Entertainment for Age; they ſupport us under Solitude, and keep us from being a Burthen to our ſelves: When we are weary of the Living, we may repair to the Dead, who have nothing of Peeviſhneſs, Pride, or Deſign in their Converſation.

VERSE.

GOD's Providence, for many ſecret Ends,
Corroding Cares and ſharp Affliction ſends:

Let us conclude it best, it should be so,
And not Desponding, or Impatient grow.
For he that will his Confidence remove,
From boundless Wisdom, and Eternal Love,
To place it on himself, or human Aid,
Will meet those Woes he labours to Evade.

Great was that Genius, most Sublime that Thought,
Which first the Curious Art of Writing Taught:
This Image of the Voice did Man Invent
To make Thought lasting, Reason permanent;
Whose softest Notes with Secrecy can rowl,
To spread deep Mysteries from Pole to Pole.

Gain shall no more my cheated Fancy please;
That cannot purchase one short Minute's Ease:
What shall I do, since my Attempts are vain?
In War no Fame, in Trade no Wealth I gain:
How Peaceful then is he, and how Secure,
Whom War did ne'er Affright, nor Gain Allure?

Great *Cæsar*, dauntless to his Sailors said,
Let not this Angry Storm make you dismaid:
These raging Billows can no Mischief do,
They carry *Cæsar*, and his Fortune too:
Let those that Christianity profess,
Of *Cæsar* learn like Courage in distress.

Give me that lasting Virtue after all,
Which firmly stands, when Crowns and Scepters fall:
Who would presume upon a Noble Birth,
Or quarrel for a spacious share of Earth,
Who sees rich Diadems become so cheap,
And Heroes tumbling in the Common Heap?

Great is the Steadiness of Soul and Thought,
By Reason bred, and by Religion taught;
Which, like a Rock, amidst the Stormy Waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all Afflictions braves.

Great Troubles to a Throne the Way prepare,
And greater Troubles muſt preſerve when there.
Yet the Ambitious envy thoſe who Reign;
They know the Pomp of Crowns, but not the Pain.

Great Pains we take to find a Faithful Friend:
'Tis worth our Pains, if we obtain our End.
He muſt be caſt in the compleateſt Mould:
But take this with you, there's more Braſs than Gold.

Greatneſs, thou Gaudy Torment of our Souls,
The wiſe Man's Chain, th' Idolatry of Fools.

Great Souls diſcern not where the Gap is wide;
But always look upon the furtheſt ſide.

Great Wits, as well as Warriours, only gain
Laurels and Honours by their Toil and Pain.

Great Wits to Madneſs ſure are near Ally'd;
And thin Partitions do the Bounds divide.

Single Lines.

GOod Education is the Foundation of Man's Happineſs.
Gain got with an evil Name, is Damage and Loſs.
Grudge not another what you cannot attain your ſelf.
Give God the Firſt and Laſt of each Days Thought.
Glory is a great Incitement to worthy Actions.
Great Men have many Opportunities to do much good.
Great Receipts render Men liable to Great Accompts.
Great Sins will require great Repentance.
Grieve not for thoſe things that are out of your Power.
Goodneſs generally leads to Univerſal Eſteem.
Grief may ſhorten Life, as much as a Diſeaſe.
Good Men are Maſters of their Pleaſure, the Bad are Slaves.
Give as chearfully as you do receive.
Goodneſs always enriches the Poſſeſſor.
God heals us by Affliction, when we are wounded by Sin.
God often corrects us in this Life, to ſave us in the next.

SCRIPTURE.

GET Wisdom, get Understanding, and forget it not.
Good Understanding gaineth Favour.
Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard, and consider her Ways.
Go from the Presence of a Foolish Man.
Godliness has the Promise of this Life, and that to come.
Give unto the Lord the Glory due unto his Name.
God is our Refuge, a very precious Help in Trouble.
Give us Help from Trouble; for vain is the Help of Man.

Latin Sentences.

GRaviùs nocet, quodcunque inexpertum accidit.
Gravior est inimicus qui latet in pectore.
Gravissimum est imperium consuetudinis.
Geminat peccatum, quem delicti non pudet.
Graviora quædam sunt remedia periculis.

Proverbial Sentences.

GOD, our Parents, and our Masters can't be requited.
God help the Rich; the Poor can beg.
Good Words without Deeds are Rushes and Reeds.
Giving much to the Poor, encreases a Man's Store.
Great Gain and little Pain make a Man soon weary.

H H

HE that you would make your Friend, let him be Virtuous: For an ill Man can neither Love long, nor be long Belov'd: And the Friendship of Vicious Men may rather be call'd Conspiracies than Friendship.

He that neglects Religion, to pursue the vain Pleasures of this Life, makes his Address to a Shadow: and the more he pursues the admir'd Trifle, the more it flies from him.

He that makes himself the common Jester of a Company, has but just Wit enough to be a Fool.

He that wants Compassion, has abandon'd Humanity. How then can he be a Christian?

He that would reap the Fruit of a noble Desire,

ſuffer every precedent Cauſe to Ripen: For we cannot expect Fruit if we nip off the Budd.

How can the Duties of Religion be practiſed by thoſe who either do not know them, or do not think them neceſſary.

He that is moſt diſpleas'd at another's Error, may be as much deceived in his own Underſtanding.

Humility is the grand Virtue that leads to Contentment: It cuts off the Envy and Malice of Inferiors and Equals, and makes us patiently bear the Inſults of Superiors.

He that neglects to reform himſelf till it grows into Faſhion, does not conſider that the vaſt Empire Vice has gained in the World, was by the Depravity of Single Perſons.

He that is not in his Life what he perſwades others to, is like a Mountebank, that hates to take the Pills he commends to others.

He is a Monſter of Ingratitude, who employs the Reputation that is given him, to deſtroy his who gave it.

He who is impertinently Loving, deſerves ſome Eſteem, or at leaſt, ſome Pity.

He who would be rank'd above the Vulgar, muſt raiſe his Thoughts and Actions above them. For 'tis in Life as in a Play, wherein 'tis not ſo much regarded who is Prince and Beggar, as who acts the Prince and Beggar beſt.

The Circumſtance of Life no Pref'rence gives,
But as the Man in that Condition lives.

He who ſpends moſt of his time in vain Sports and Recreations, is like him, whoſe Garments are all made of Fringes, and his Diet nothing but Sauce.

He who prays out of Cuſtom, or gives Alms for Praiſe, or Faſts to be accounted Religious; is but a Phariſee in his Devotion, a Beggar in his Alms, and an Hypocrite in his Faſts.

He who does as well in Private as in Publick, gives himſelf a good Teſtimony that his Purpoſes are full of Honeſty and Integrity.

He is not honeſt, who will not be good without Commendation. But he is a truly righteous Man, who dares do good, when to do ſo is made infamous.

He loves Virtue, that loves and honours it wherever it is ſeen. But he who is envious, or angry at a Virtue that is not his own, is not Covetous of the Virtue, but of its Reward and Reputation.

He who reads without converſing, converſes with the Dead, and is a Stranger to the Living.

He who borrows another's Wit, diſcovers a Beggarly Underſtanding.

He who is ſo impertinent, as to trouble Company with the Greatneſs of his Pedigree, or the many Virtues of his Family, comes not to meet his Friends, but to Receive *Homage*; and therefore ought to pay the Reckoning.

He is an Enemy both to himſelf and Friend, who chuſes rather to be ſilent, than bring a Crime into Reproof when he has a fair Opportunity.

That Man does prejudice himſelf and Friend,
Who by his Silence does a Fault commend.

He who has Learning and not Diſcretion to uſe it, has only the Advantage of having more ways to expoſe himſelf.

He can ſcarcely be ſaid to Live, who employs not his time to his own Improvement, and ſome way to the Advantage of others.

He who in Life does no Advantage give
To other Men, can ſcarce be ſaid to Live.

He who repeats thoſe Crimes with Pleaſure, which his Impotency cannot Act, is equally guilty with him who does them.

He who rightly obſerves the Inconveniencies that accompany Knavery, muſt believe it his Intereſt to be honeſt.

He who will not ſerve a Friend in Diſtreſs, abandons his Pretenſions, not only to Friendſhip, but Humanity.

He who is choice of his Time, will alſo be choice of his Company; leſt the firſt engage him in Vanity, and the other make him criminal, by throwing himſelf and his time away.

He who would be before-hand with the World, muſt be before-hand with his Buſineſs: It is not only ill Management; but diſcovers a Slothful Diſpoſition to do that in the Afternoon, which ſhould have been done in the Morning.

He who lies under the Dominion of any one Vice, muſt expect the ordinary Effects of it: If Lazy, to be Poor; if Intemperate, Diſeaſed; and if Luxurious, to Die betimes, &c.

He who is not Contented with the middle Condition between Poverty and Riches, does frequently take great Pains to Leſſen his Fortune by his extraordinary Endeavours to Encreaſe it.

Henry IV. was obſerved never to be Merry or Sad, but both; For he never was better Pleas'd, than when he was Oppoſed; becauſe this would do him good by Sharpning his Invention: and never more Angry, than when he was Flatter'd; for this would do him Miſchief by Dulling his Judgment.

He is a happier Man who wants many Things in this Life, and enjoys Contentment; than he that has all Things, but wants this Bleſſing.

He who has Contentment, may want ſomething; but he that has it not, wants every thing.

He who hopes to be truly Bleſſed hereafter, without being Holy here; is as Unwiſe as he that expects to attain the End without the Means.

He who allows himſelf in any one Sin, renders himſelf uncapable of Pardon for any.

How can we expect to underſtand the Myſteries of Providence, ſince we cannot underſtand the Works of Nature?

He is a happy Man that has a True Friend; but he is more happy that does not ſtand in need of one.

He gives not the Beſt Alms that gives the Moſt. If you cannot give Bountifully, give Freely; and what you want in Ability, ſupply by a chearful Temper in giving.

He who would live at Eaſe, ſhould put the beſt Conſtruction on what paſſes in Buſineſs and Converſation;

for nothing creates more Diſquietude, than to ſuppoſe there was Malice and Contempt meant him in every Action he does not underſtand.

He who would reliſh Succeſs, ſhould keep his Paſſions Cool and his Expectations Low, and then 'tis poſſible his Fortune may exceed his Fancy; for an Advantage always riſes by ſurpriſe, and is almoſt Doubled by being unlook'd for.

He who would be a Maſter, muſt draw to the Life, as well as Copy from Originals, and joyn Theory and Practice together.

He who hazards his Life upon an honourable Score, deſerves the ſame Reward as if he had Loſt it.

Hope is an active and vigorous Principle; 'tis furniſhed with Light and Heat to Adviſe and Execute; it ſets the Head and Heart at work, and animates a Man to do his utmoſt: 'Tis ſometimes ſo Sprightly and Rewarding a Quality, that the Pleaſure of Expectation exceeds that of Fruition: it refines upon the Richneſs of Nature, and paints beyond the Life; and when Reality is thus outſhin'd by the Imagination, Succeſs is a kind of Diſappointment; and to Hope is better than to Have.

He who needs no Counſel or Advice, muſt be more than Man; but he that refuſeth all Counſel, is worſe than a Beaſt.

He who would oblige, muſt be ſubmiſſive to his Superiors, courteous to his Equals, and friendly to his Inferiors.

He's not your Friend that moves you to do any thing which will be Prejudicial to your Credit or Eſtate; nor are you your own Friend if you ſuffer him.

He who intends the Improvement of his Parts, muſt exactly mind the Prudent ſpending of his Time.

He is truly valiant that Dares nothing, but what he may; and Fears nothing, but what he ought.

He who deſigns to make himſelf Happy, muſt look to his Thoughts before they come to Deſires; and ſhould entertain no Thoughts that will cauſe a Bluſh when they appear in Words.

Homer

Homer knowing that Human Nature was not capable of enduring long Labour, put a Harp into the hands of his Hero, that he might unbend his Cares, and soften the Noise of the Trumpet, with the Harmony of a Peaceful Instrument.

Agar's Wish is a continual Lecture of Reproof to a Man that covets more than a Sufficiency; since large Possessions are generally accompany'd with Perplexing Anxiety.

He, who when he should not, spends too much, shall, when he would not, have too little to spend. *Diogenes* wittily ask'd a Half-peny of the Frugal-Man, and a Pound of the Prodigal; because the first, he said, might give him often; but the other, e're long, would have none to give.

He said well, who when a skilful Astrologer, on Calculating his Nativity, foretold him some Particulars concerning his Future Estate; answered, *Such perhaps I was Born, but since that time, I have been Born again, and my Second Nativity has crossed my First.*

Happy is the Man, who can be acquitted by himself in Private; by others in Publick; and by God in both!

Honours upon Earth confer nothing which may make our Life more truly Happy: if they add to our Joys, the more are our Fears: If they augment our Pleasure, our Care and Trouble is the more; great Persons are like the Flags on the top of a Ship's Mast; as they are more high, so are they more subject to the Wind and Storms.

Herod had so much Religion, to make a scruple of an Oath, tho' not of a Murther. No Man casts all Justice off at once; but while he gives himself over to some Sins, he stops at others.

VERSE.

HAppy's the Man to whom the Gods allow
With his own Hand, Paternal Grounds to Plough.
Like the first Golden Mortals, Happy he,
From Business, and the Cares of Money free:
No Human Storms at Land disturb his Sleep,
No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep;

From all the Frauds of Law he lives ſecure,
Nor does th' Affronts of Palaces endure.

He that to Titles would confine his Name,
Boaſts but a worthleſs Tympany of Fame:
Vain of his Bulk, and Proud of his Diſeaſe,
He may, perhaps, his own fond Fancy pleaſe;
Yet all who ſee him, if they're truly wiſe,
Laugh at the Folly, but the Fool deſpiſe.
This only Greatneſs, can the Wiſer find,
A knowing Head, and Heart to Good inclin'd.

Happy the Man, I grant, thrice Happy he,
Who can thro' groſs Effects their Cauſes ſee;
Whoſe Courage from the depth of Knowledge ſprings,
Nor vainly fears Inevitable Things;
But does his Walk of Virtue calmly go
Thro' all th' Alarms of Death, and Hell below.

Honour thy Parents to Prolong thy End,
With them, tho' for a Truth, do not contend;
Tho' all themſelves defend, do thou chuſe rather
To hold thy Peace, than loſe their Love for ever.
Whoever makes his Parents Heart to Bleed,
Shall have a Child that will revenge the Deed.

How frail is Beauty? In how ſhort a time
It fades? like Roſes that are paſt their Prime,
So wrinkled Age, the faireſt Face will Plow,
And draw deep Furrows on the ſmootheſt Brow;
Then where's the Beauty of that Face, alaſs!
Your ſelves would Bluſh to ſee it in a Glaſs.

Happy's the Landlord of a Small Eſtate,
Who wanting Nothing, Envies not the Great;
Whoſe fertile Field with Cultivation feeds
His Houſe with All, that frugal Nature needs;
Whoſe wealthy Garden lib'rally beſtows
What Nature asks, when ſhe Luxuriant grows.

Health ſeems a Cherub moſt divinely Bright,
More ſoft than Air, more gay than Morning Light;
Hail, blooming Goddeſs, thou propitious Pow'r,
Whoſe Bleſſings Mórtals next to Life implore.
Such Graces in your Heavenly Eyes appear,
That Cottages are Courts, when you are there.

Happy the Man, of Mortals happy'ſt he,
Whoſe quiet Mind from vain Deſires is free;
Whom neither Hopes deceive, nor Fear torment;
But lives at Peace, within himſelf Content.
In Thought or Act accountable to none
But to his Conſcience, and to God alone.

He who commits a Sin, ſhall quickly find
The preſſing Guilt lie heavy on his Mind;
Tho' Bribes or Favour ſhall aſſert his Cauſe,
Pronounce him Guiltleſs, and elude the Laws:
None quits himſelf; his own impartial Thought
Will damn, and Conſcience will Record the Fault.

Happy the Man from Company ſet free,
Free from the nauſeous Snares of Flattery,
The baſe Attendant of Proſperity.
The poor Man's Cottage every one does ſhun:
Tho' more by Wealth are, than by Want, undone.

How wretched is the Man who craves for more,
Yet ſuffers Want, when he has Gold in ſtore;
Pinches his Guts, and ſhames himſelf with Rags,
To pleaſe his greedy Soul with uſeleſs Bags.

He that once Sins, like him who ſlides on Ice,
Goes ſwiftly down the ſlippery Ways of Vice;
Tho' Conſcience checks him, yet thoſe rubs gon o'er,
He ſlides on ſmoothly, and looks back no more.

He's rich who never covets Worldly Pelf;
He's poor who has enough, yet Starves himſelf.

How are we banded up and down by Fate,
By ſo much more Unhappy, as we're Great.

He who will true Examples learn to give,
Firſt let him learn to die, and then to live.

He who bewails and not forſakes his Sin,
Confeſſes only what he'll do again.

He who pays more Reſpect to Wealth than Sence,
Would Worſhip Idols to encreaſe his Pence.

Single Lines.

HE that talks what he will, ſhall hear what he would not.
He that will not give ſhould not receive.
Heaven gives you Abundance, to ſupply others Wants.
He has not Loſt enough that is not made Cautious.
He that never requites, ſhould never be oblig'd.
He acts ſafe, that avoids both the Extreams.
He is ſufficiently Miſerable, that is once ſo.
Health is the Salt of Life, which Reliſhes all things.
Hear both Parties before you give Judgment.
He gains by his kindneſs who gives to the deſerving.
Homer's wiſe Men look before and behind.
Humility makes great Men twice Honourable.
Honour your Parents, and Reverence the Aged.
He that begins well, has done half the work.
He that will not Work, ſhould not Eat.
He that lives without Offence, fears no Reproof.
Honour and Virtue are the Ornaments of the Soul.
Hear no Evil of a Friend, and ſpeak none of an Enemy.
He is a Debtor to others that praiſes himſelf.
Happineſs is deſir'd by all, but obtain'd by few.
He that Prays with Indifference, does but beg a denial.
Honour is purchas'd and maintain'd by Induſtry.
He is happy that is content with a Competency.
He is in ſome degree Wiſe that conceals his Ignorance.
He that keeps a clear Conſcience, contemns Calumny.
Honours grace Wiſe Men, and make Fools notorious.

He that has Money and no Wit, is but half happy.
He that wants Morals, ſeldom wants Miſery.
He that oppreſſes Honeſty, wants it himſelf.
He that boaſts of his Sin, glories in his Shame.
He is Miſerable that knows not how to ſpend his Time.
Humility is the Foundation of all Virtue.
He that contemns a ſmall Crime, commits a great one.
He only taſts the ſweet of Recreation, that uſes it ſparingly.
He that is choice of his Time, is choice of his Company.
He Curſes the Miſer who wiſhes him a Long life.
He that truſts a known Knave, ſhould expect to be Cheated.
He only knows God aright that knows how to Obey him.
He never wants Comfort that has Content.
He lives in Fame, that dies in Virtue's Cauſe.
He that watches not his Thoughts, needs one to watch him.

He that delights to Plant & Set, puts After-ages in his Debt.
He that has true Wiſdom got, continues firm and wavers not.
He is a Friend indeed, that helps in time of need.
He has not Sence, nor Eyes to ſee, who Credit gives to Flattery.

SCRIPTURE.

HOW long, ye Simple ones, will you love Simplicity.
Happy is the Man that finderh Wiſdom.
Hear, ye Children, the Inſtruction of a Father.
His own Iniquities ſhall take the Wicked himſelf.
Hear Inſtruction; be wiſe, and refuſe it not.
He that has Fellowſhip with a Proud Man will be like him.
He that gathereth in Summer is a wiſe Son.
He is in the way of Life that keepeth Inſtruction.
Hope deferred maketh the Heart ſick.
Honour your Father, and forget not your Mother.

Proverbial Sentences.

HE that Pitieth another, remembreth himſelf.
He that ſpeaks, does ſow; but the Silent reaps.
He who will not be counſelled, cannot be helped.
He looſeth his Thanks who promiſes and delays.
He who goes to Bed Thirſty, riſes Healthy.

Haſte makes waſte, and waſte makes want,
He who Pays laſt, never Pays twice.
He who could know what would be Dear,
Need be a Merchant but one Year.

Latin Sentences.

HOmo ſum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.
Heu quàm difficile eſt crimen non prodere vultu!
Homo toties moritur, quoties amittit ſuos.
Honeſtus rumor alterum eſt Patrimonium.
Habet in adverſis auxilia, qui in adverſis commodat.
Heu quam miſerum eſt ab eo laudari, de quo poſſis queri.
Homo qui in calamitoſos eſt miſericors, meminit ſui.

I I

IT is as dangerous to be wilfully Ignorant, as to know and not obey; for we are as much bound to know our Duty, as oblig'd to Practiſe it.

Idleneſs is the greateſt Prodigality; it throws away Time, which is Invaluable in reſpect of its preſent Uſe; and when it's paſt cannot be recover'd by any Power of Art or Nature.

It is Imprudence to put a Man's whole Fortune on the hazard of any one Proſpect, conſidering the inſtability of Humane Affairs.

It was the Saying of a good and great Man, *That he would ſeek all Opportunities to Communicate what he knew; and if Wiſdom were granted him, with this Reſerve, that he might not Impart it to others,* He ſaid, *he had rather be without it.*

If you would avoid Sin, fly Temptations; he that does not do his utmoſt Endeavour to avoid the one, cannot expect Providence ſhould defend him from the other.

It is the fooliſh Cuſtom of the World to follow rather Example than Precept; but it would be the ſafer courſe to learn rather by Precept than Example, for there are many cannot follow their own Teaching; and it is eaſier to ſay, Do this, than to Do it.

It is no ſmall Happineſs to be thought Innocent; but a greater to be void of Offence: Shun therefore the leaſt Appearance of Evil, that you may not be ſuſpected; and if you cannot avoid both, chuſe rather to be Suſpected when you don't deſerve it, than do Evil without being Suſpected.

It is the Property of truly-Knowing Men to decline Eſteem: To be covetous of Applauſe diſcovers a ſlender Merit; and Self-conceit is the ordinary Attendant of Ignorance.

It is treacherous Love not to reprove a Fault in my Friend for fear of his Anger; but it is the height of Folly for any Man to be angry at the Reproof of a Friend.

If the beſt Preparations of Care will ſcarcely guard us from Temptations, what will become of thoſe that are diſſolv'd in Pleaſure.

If we are to Sanctify things *Dedicated* to God's Service, how much more ought we to Reverence his *Tremendous Name*, and Glorify him for his Goodneſs.

If the firſt Sparks of Ill were quench'd, there could be no Flame; for how can he Kill that dares not be Angry; or be adulterous in Act, that does not tranſgreſs in Deſire: how can he be Perjur'd, that fears an Oath; or he Defraud, that does not allow himſelf to Covet?

In *Rome* whoever did theſe Five Things, *viz.* diſobey'd his Father, robb'd the Temple, hurt a Widow, fled from Battle, or injur'd a Stranger; was baniſh'd the City.

It was *Seneca*'s Council to his Friend *Lucilius*, when he went about to do any thing, *That he ſhould imagine* Cato *or* Scipio *to be preſent.*

It is better to have Natural Parts without Learning, than Learning without good Natural Parts; but when theſe joyn together, they render a Man every way Compleat.

It's rare to ſee a Man decline in his Fortune, that has not declin'd in his Wiſdom and Prudence before: For

Fortune can never hurt us whilſt we're Wiſe;
Diſcretion is the ſureſt way to Riſe.

In Superiour Company chuſe to Learn rather than Dictate; *For the* Thruſh *ſeldom Sings in the Preſence of the*

Ignorance makes a Man Conceited, and Conceitedness makes him the Jest of Society.

It is the Nature of Sin to produce Misery; for as one Sin draws on another, so almost every Vice has its Inconveniencies annext to it; as Intemperance has Diseases, Idleness, Want, &c.

If Men could not be angry, they could not be meek; and if they had no Inclination to Vice, they could not be Virtuous; since Virtue is no more than the subduing our Vicious Inclinations.

Ill Examples are as catching as Diseases; and the Mind is as liable to Infection as the Body.

It is the highest Ingratitude to overlook a Thousand Mercies, and murmur at one Affliction.

Jealousy may be said to be the Jaundice of the Soul, as it changes the very Complexion of Things, and makes Chastity appear Incontinence; Magnanimity, Ambition; and true Piety, nothing but Hypocrisy.

In Revenge we act the Executioner; but we personate a Prince when we Pardon: The latter discovers a Magnanimity of Soul, the other a Brutish Disposition.

It is a lamentable Consideration, that the generality of Mankind know not to what End they are Born into the World, till they are a going out of it.

It is not the Circumstance of Life that gives one Man just Preference above another; but the Behaviour in that Circumstance that makes the Distinction:

The Circumstance of Life no preference gives;
But as the Man in that condition Lives.

It is a degenerate Age that suffers Unworthiness to stand Candidate with Merit, and turns Virtue a begging for the Lawrel.

Ingratitude makes Men Rebels against the Principles of Nature, who ought to be shun'd as an infectious Air, since there is no Humane Law to punish them.

It is certain that to keep a continual watch over our Thoughts, Words, and Actions; to return Kindness and Civility for Injuries and Contempt, require greater Fortitude of Mind, than to vanquish Hero's and subdue Kingdoms.

Idleneſs is indeed the Burial of a living Man; an idle Perſon being as uſeleſs to any Purpoſes of God and Man, and unconcern'd in the Changes of Life, as one that is Dead.

If Man that is Born of a Woman be full of Trouble, 'tis well he has but a ſhort time to live; and if his Life be full of Miſery, it's a Bleſſing that his Days are but a Span long.

It is infinitely more honourable to forgive a Wrong than to Revenge it; the one makes us like God, but the other makes us like the Devil.

Induſtry is attended with a good Conſcience, and cheerful Reflections of having ſpent our Time well, and employ'd our Talents to right purpoſes.

Induſtry argues an ingenious and generous Diſpoſition of Soul, by purſuing Things in the faireſt way; for it diſdains to enjoy the Fruits of other Mens Labours, without deſerving them, or requiting them for them.

If we are averſe to good Living to day, we may well conclude that we may be more averſe to Morrow; for the Man that defers Amendment to hereafter, it is not that he has a mind to do it then, but becauſe he has no mind to Amend now.

Induſtrious Wiſdom often does prevent what Lazy Folly thinks inevitable.

It may probably ſhew a great Inflexibility to be much importun'd to promiſe a Favour that may be eaſily granted; but it's below the Dignity of Humane Nature not to have a juſt regard to a particular and voluntary Promiſe; and betokens a Mind degenerate and mean.

It is a certain Mark of a great Mind, in the preſent Gale of Proſperity, to preſerve the Soul from Pride and Inſolence; and in the rough Storms of Adverſity, to ſhun depreſſing Anxiety.

If the Action you take in hand be honourable and uſeful, let not an ill Accident diſcourage you, nor a good one make you careleſs.

It requires great Prudence and Caution to be capable of Reproving: he that would Reprove a Friend, muſt not only watch a proper Opportunity, but conſider the

Temper of the Perſon he Reproves; if both theſe are not carefully obſerv'd, we are in danger of loſing our Labour and our Friend.

It is not the Quality of an Act, but the Intention of it, that makes the Virtue.

It is in Virtue as it is in Arts, we arrive to Excellency in both, by frequent Practice and vigorous Perſeverance.

It is not ſo much this or that Profeſſion or Quality among Men that gives us Honour and Eſteem; but the well or ill Behaving our ſelves in thoſe ſeveral Stations.

It may be good ſometimes to vary in your Conduct, that you may fruſtrate the ill deſigns of thoſe that Envy you; for if they come to obſerve a ſtrict Uniformity in your Actions, they may thereby prevent your Enterpriſes, and cauſe them to miſcarry.

Julius Cæſar, after the Battle of *Pharſalia*, receiv'd his Enemies into Favour, and envy'd *Cato*; who kill'd himſelf becauſe he took away from the Conqueror the Glory of Forgiving him, and reſtoring him to his former Honours.

It ought to be an excellent Performance that will juſtify the Patronage of a Learned Man; for tho' his Goodneſs may move him to overlook ſmall Faults, yet it is accounted a raſh ill-grounded Confidence to prefix a great Name to a trifling Performance.

It may be a leſs Evil to commit Sin and not love it, than to love Sin, and not ſo frequently commit it: The former argues Weakneſs of Grace; but the other the Corruption of Nature.

In the Scripture the Ignorant may learn all uſeful Knowledge; and the Knowing may learn to diſcern their Ignorance.

VERSE.

IF Heaven a date of many Years would give,
I'd learn to Die that I might learn to Live;
And as I near approach the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation (if I had no Wife)

Should take upon him all my Worldly Care,
While I did for a better State prepare.
For why should I with Troubles then be vex'd?
Or have the Evening of my Days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful Death,
Without Convulsive Pangs resign my Breath.
And when committed to the Dust, I'd have
Few Tears, but Friendly, dropt into my Grave.
Then would my *Exit* so Propitious be,
That all behind would wish to Die like me.

The DREAM.

I Dreamt, That Buried in my Fellow-Clay,
Close by a common Beggar's side I lay:
And as so mean an Object shockt my Pride;
Thus like a Corps of Consequence, I cry'd,
Scoundrel, begon, and henceforth touch me not,
More Manners learn, and at a distance *Rot*.
How Scoundrel, with a haughtier Tone, cry'd He,
Proud Lump of Earth, I scorn your Words and Thee!
Here all are Equal, now thy Case is mine,
This is My *Rotting* Place, and that is Thine.

Instead of Art, and Luxury in Food,
Let Mirth and Freedom make thy Table good:
If any Cares into thy Day-time creep,
At Night, without Wines *Opium*, let 'em Sleep.
Let Rest, which Nature does to Darkness wed,
And not Lust, recommend Thee to thy Bed.
Be satisfied and pleas'd with what thou art,
Act chearfully and well th' allotted Part;
Enjoy this Hour, be thankful for the past,
Nor fear, nor wish the Approaches of the Last.

If in the Body there was but one Part
Subject to Pain, and sensible of Smart;
And but one Passion could torment the Mind,
That Part, that Passion, busy Fate would find:
But since Infirmities in both abound,
And Grief and Sorrow many ways can wound;

'Tis not so great a wonder that we Grieve,
As 'tis a Miracle we daily Live.

If tender *Infants*, who Imprison'd stay
Within the Womb, prepar'd to break away,
Were conscious of themselves, and of their State,
And had but Reason to sustain Debate;
The painful Passage they would dread, and shew
Reluctance to a World they never knew;
They in their Prisons still would chuse to lye,
As backward to be Born, as we to Die.

If any ask me, what would satisfy
To make Life easy? Thus I would reply;
As much as keeps out Hunger, Thirst, and Cold;
Or what contented *Socrates* of Old;
As much as made wise *Epicurus* blest,
Who in small Gardens spacious Realms possest.
This is what Nature's Want may well suffice;
He, who asks more, is Covetous, not Wise.

If't be your Lot, to Act the Beggar's Part
On this World's Stage, do it with Skill and Art:
Tho' mean the Character, yet ne'er Complain,
Perform it well, as just Applause you'll gain;
As he, whose Princely Grandeur fills the Stage,
And frights all near him with Heroick Rage.

If ever I more Riches did desire,
Than Cleanliness, and Quietness require.
If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat
With any Wish, so mean as to be Great;
Oh! Heav'ns, continue from me to remove
The humble Blessings of that Life I Love.

If there's a Man, ye Gods, I ought to Hate,
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate;
Let him still busy be, and in a Crowd,
Be very much a Slave, and very Proud.

In Youth alone vain Mortals think they live;
But, Ah! the mighty Bliss is Fugitive:
Discolour'd Sickness, anxious Labours come,
And Age and Death's inexorable Doom!

If once the Mode of Virtue would come in,
The Men of Mode would be asham'd to Sin:
Fashion is such a strange bewitching Charm,
Because they'd not be Laught at, they'd Reform.

In all Misfortunes, this Advantage lies,
They make us Humble, and they make us Wise:
And he, that can acquire such Virtues, gains
An ample Recompence for all his Pains.

It's to Detract to give one *Less* than due,
Who gives as *much*, must be as Learned too.

In liquid Burnings, or in dry to dwell,
Is all the sad Variety of Hell.

Immodest Words admit of no defence;
For want of Decency, is want of Sence.

Single Lines.

INnocence and Humility are the Beauties of the Soul.
It is a double Curse to be Poor and Proud.
In Prosperity prepare for Adversity.
It is hard to Cure, when the Patient indulges the Disease.
Intemperance kills more than the Sword.
In Youth and Strength think of Age and Weakness.
In Trouble beg God's Blessing, but use your Endeavours.
Inordinate Love is the fore-runner of Excessive Sorrow.
It is no small Conquest to overcome your self.
Idleness is the Spring of all manner of Vice.
Irreligious Men can't be good Patrons of Religion.
It is folly to Fear what we cannot avoid.
Imaginary Dangers often Surprize us more than real ones.
Ingratitude thinks it self in no Man's Debt.

In Admoniſhing be friendly, in Promiſing faithful.
It is better to take many Injuries, than to give one.
Ignorance is commonly the Parent of Injuries.
Induſtry is a Fence to Innocency and Virtue.
Inconſtancy is the Attendant of a weak Mind.
It is a miſerable Thing to rely on another Man's Credit.
Innocency is often puniſh'd, when Guilt eſcapes.
It is more Glory to deſpiſe the World, than to conquer it.
It is a bleſſing for Envious Men to want Ability.
If Nature is defective, repair it by Induſtry.
Idleneſs has no Advocate, but many Friends.
It is faithful Obedience recommends us to God.
It requires as much care to keep, as to get, an Eſtate.
Induſtry keeps the Mind clear, and the Body healthy.
In others forgive much, nothing in thy ſelf.

In evil Company we miſs, real and ſubſtantial Bliſs.
In Sleep, and in the Grave, a King's no better than a Slave.
In Praiſing ſparing be, but Blame more ſparingly.
If God Mens ſafety will, no deadly Drug can kill.
Inflame not your Blood, with pampering Food.
Invent not a Lie, to get Profit thereby.
If God aſſiſt not thee, thy Labours vain will be.

SCRIPTURE.

I Will call upon the Lord, ſo ſhall I be ſav'd from my Foes.
If any Man lack Wiſdom, let him ask it of God.
If Riches increaſe, ſet not your Heart upon them.
It is a Sport to a Fool to do Miſchief.
In the way of Righteouſneſs is Life.
In the multitude of Councellors there is ſafety.
In the Grave, there is no Remembrance of thee.
I will Bleſs thee O Lord at all times.
I never ſaw the Seed of the Righteous forſaken.

Proverbial Sentences.

IN vain he craves Advice, who will not follow it.
It's good to Begin well, but better to End well.
If every one would Mend, all would be Mended.

It is the beſt Revenge to forget an Injury.
If two are away, three may keep Counſel.
If a Word is worth one Sheckel, Silence is worth two.
It's good to have Company in Trouble.
Induſtry is Fortune's Right Hand, and Frugality her Left.

Latin Sentences.

ID arbitror apprime in vita utile, nequid nimis.
Jus ſummum ſæpe ſumma eſt injuria.
In neminem Avaris bonus eſt, in ſe peſſimus.
Ita crede amico, ne ſit inimico locus.
Iram qui vincit, hoſtem ſuperat maximum.
Ingratus unus miſeris omnibus nocet.
Judex damnatur, cum nocens abſolvitur.
Interpone tuis interdum Gaudia curis.

K K

KNAVES have a ſecret Cunning to draw in the Credulous, by the Performance of ſmall Things, that they may the more eaſily Impoſe upon them in greater.

Knowledge without Juſtice is Craft; and Courage without Conduct is Raſhneſs.

Keep a low Sail at the entrance of your Eſtate. You may riſe with Honour, but you cannot go back without Shame: for a good Beginning makes a good Ending.

Kent is noted for the peculiar Humanity and Proweſs of its Inhabitants; ſo that when our Armies are to joyn Battle, they claim the Honour of Ingaging firſt, for the Valour they formerly ſhew'd againſt the *Danes*.

Keep no Company with a Man who is given to Detraction; to hear him Patiently, and ſhew a Countenance of Encouragement, is to partake of his Guilt, and prompt him to a continuance in that Vice which all good Men ſhun him for.

Kunegundæ the Empreſs, in Vindication of her ſuſpected Honour, is reported to have walk'd on burning Plow-Shares; and had been a ſevere Sufferer by it, had not the *Fire* been more ſenſible of her Chaſtity, than her Jealous *Lord*.

Knowledge ſoften'd with Complacency and good Breeding, will make a Man equally belov'd and admir'd; but being joyn'd with a ſevere and moroſe Temper, it makes a Man rather fear'd than reſpected.

Keep your own Secrets; for if you diſcover them to another, and he reveals them, you ſhould Pardon him for it, ſince he's only Treacherous by your Example.

VERSE.

KNowledge forbid, 'tis dangerous to purſue,
With Guilt begins, and ends in Ruin too:
For had our earlieſt Parents been content,
Not to know more, than to be Innocent:
Their Ignorance of Evil had preſerv'd
Their Joys entire; for then they had not ſwerv'd,
But they imagin'd (their Deſires was ſuch)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er ſince by Folly, moſt to Wiſdom riſe,
And few are, but by ſad Experience, Wiſe.

Keep Death and Judgment always in your Eye,
None's fit to Live, but who is fit to Die.
Make uſe of preſent Time, becauſe you muſt
Take up your Lodging ſhortly in the Duſt.
'Tis dreadful to behold the Setting Sun,
And Night approaching, e'er your Work is done.

Keep down your Luſt, Vice fades, if you take Pains,
Nouriſh'd by Sloth, more Ground it ever gains.
A Man employ'd, no leiſure has to Sin;
But being Idle falls into't again.

Keep thy Friend's Counſel, when thou art in Truſt;
And as in Words, ſo be in Actions Juſt.

Know when to Speak, and Silent when to ſit;
Fools Silent, often paſs for Men of Wit.

Knaves, tho' invelop'd in a deep Diſguiſe,
Are yet too obvious to deceive the Wiſe.

Kings, who by Love and Clemency do Reign,
Their Subjects Hearts and Kingdoms best sustain.

Single Lines.

KNowledge without Virtue is but learned Ignorance.
Kings are Gods among Men, and Men before God.
Knowledge is the Treasure of the Mind.
Knowledge not put in Practice produces nothing Excellent.
Knowledge puffs up some Men, and humbles others.
Knowledge and true Wisdom come only from God.
Keep no Company with him who knows not himself.
Keep thy Tongue a Prisoner, that your Body may go free.
Knowledge and Learning are preferable to Riches.
Keep Company with those who may make you better.
Kindnesses, like Grains, increase by Sowing.
Kindnesses are lost upon an ungrateful Person.
Knowledge of our selves requires great Penetration.
Know when to speak, and when to hold your Tongue.

Keep your Intentions, for fear of Preventions.
Knaves by disguise impose on th' Unwise.
Keep in the Middle-way, Extreams to Harm betray.

SCRIPTURE.

KEep back thy Servant from Presumptuous Sins.
Keep thy Heart with all Diligence.
Keep thy Tongue from Evil, and thy Lips from Guile.
Keep me as the Apple of thine Eye.
Keep me under the Shadow of thy Wings.
Keep thy Foot when thou goest to the House of God.
Keep the King's Commandment, because of the Oath.

Proverbial Sentences.

KEep good Company, and you shall be of that Number.
Knavery may serve a turn, but Honesty's best at long run.

L L

LIberality should have such a mixture of Prudence, as not to exceed the Ability of the Giver; and be rightly

Let your Promiſes be ſincere, and ſo prudently conſider'd, as not to exceed the reach of your Ability: He who Promiſes more than he is able to Perform, is Falſe to himſelf; and he who does not perform what he has Promiſed, is a Traytor to his Friend.

Learn to know the darling Paſſion of your Soul; and believe that to be it, which has cut you out moſt Work for Repentance: and know, that it requires a noble Reſolution and Fortitude of Mind, to ſubdue what Nature ſtrongly prompts us to.

Labour not only to know what you ought, but to Practiſe what you know; and be careful to make others Better by your good Counſel; or at leaſt, not to make them Worſe by your Example.

Let no Condition ſurprize you, and then you cannot be Afflicted in any: A noble Spirit muſt not vary with its Fortune. There is no Condition ſo low, but may have Hopes; nor any ſo high, that is out of the reach of Fears.

Love Labour, if you do not want it for Food, you may for Phyſick; it ſtrengthens the Body, invigorates the Mind, and prevents the fatal Conſequences of Idleneſs.

Love bears various Names, according to the Object about which it is exercis'd; for with reſpect to Injuries, it is call'd Meekneſs; and to Forgiveneſs, it is Mercy; as it Pities the Diſtreſſed, we call it Compaſſion; and as it Relieves them, Charity; and in the Concernment of a Friend, it is Friendſhip.

Let your Charity be private, and bear ſome Proportion to your Eſtate; leſt God proportionate your Eſtate to your Charity.

Let not your Recreations take up too much of your Time, but chuſe ſuch which are Healthful, Short, Diverting, and fit to Refreſh you; but by no means make them your main Buſineſs.

Let a Man deſire to be Wiſe; and if he has this Wiſh, 'tis likely he may never have an Occaſion for many more.

Let not your Fear be ſo great, as to Rob you of a mo-

deſt Aſſurance; nor your Boldneſs ſuch, as to cauſe you to forget Reſpect.

Learning, ſaid Pope *Julius* II. was Silver in the Hands of the Common People, Gold in thoſe of Noble Deſcent; but Diamonds in thoſe of Princes.

Lycurgus being ask'd, *Why He forbad making War againſt the ſame Enemies too often: Leſt*, ſaid he, *we ſhould Teach them at our own Expence, and by continual Expeditions, make the* Thebans *equal in Arms to the* Lacedæmonians.

Let Virtue and Innocence accompany your Diverſions, leſt what you take for a Cordial prove Poiſon.

Leonidas, when one told him, *That there was no difference between him and himſelf, before he was King*: Reply'd, *Had I not been the Better Man, I had never been King.*

Let Reaſon govern you in the Perſuit of Virtuous Exerciſes; too much Heat is as dangerous as a dull Indifference.

Let not your Thoughts dwell too much upon this World, where you your ſelves do but Sojourn.

Let your Words agree with your Thoughts, and be follow'd by your Actions; be careful in your Promiſes, and juſt in your Performances; for it is better to Do, and not Promiſe; than to Promiſe, and not Do.

Love is always encreaſing; its ſtanding ſtill is a deadly Symptom, and its firſt Declination proves a Downfal.

Let your Meditations be frequent on your own Death; the Death of Chriſt; the Vanity of the World; the Glory of Heaven, and the Torments of Hell.

VERSE.

LARKS which refuſe on lofty Boughs to build
Their humble Neſts, lye ſilent in the Field:
But if the Promiſe of a Cloudleſs Day,
Aurora Smiling, bids them riſe and Play;
Then ſtreight they ſhew, 'twas not for want of Voice,
Or Pow'r to Climb, they made ſo low a Choice:
Singing, they mount, their Airy Wings are ſtretcht
Tow'rds Heav'n, as if from Heav'n their Notes they fetcht.

Learn Wretches, learn the Motions of the Mind,
Why you were Made, for what you are Design'd,
And the great Moral End of Human kind.
Study thy ſelf, what Rank, or what Degree
The wiſe Creator has Ordain'd for Thee:
And all the Offices of that Eſtate
Perform; and with thy Prudence guide thy Fate.

Law-Suits avoid, with as much ſtudious Care,
As you would Dens, where hungry Lions are;
And rather put up Injuries, than be
A Plague to Him, who'd be a Plague to Thee:
Value your Quiet, at a Price too great
For a Revenge, to give ſo dear a Rate.

Look round the Habitable World, how few
Know their own Good, or knowing, it perſue.
How void of Reaſon are our Hopes and Fears?
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But when we have our Wiſh, we wiſh Undone?

Let modeſt Silence be your chiefeſt care
In all your Converſation; and beware
Of being over-Talkative, and ſhun
That lewd, perpetual Motion of the Tongue;
That Itch of Speaking much, and be content
That your Diſcourſe, tho' ſhort, be Pertinent.

Laughter, if rightly us'd, may be confeſs'd,
In ſome ſort, to diſtinguiſh Man from Beaſt:
While by due Management it is allay'd;
And the ſtrict Rules of Reaſon are obey'd;
But ſhews, if over-Loud, or over-Long,
Your Head but weak, altho' your Lungs be ſtrong.

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Pow'r;
The Cauſe is bad, when-e'er the Client's Poor.
Theſe ſtrict-liv'd Men, that ſeem above the World,
Are oft' too Modeſt to reſiſt our Gold.

Suits oft' are travers'd, and ſo little won,
That he that Conquers, is at laſt Undone.

Love is the Monarch Paſſion of the Mind,
Knows no Superiors, by no Law confin'd;
But Triumphs ſtill, impatient of Controul,
O'er all the Proud Endowments of the Soul.

Loud Threatnings make Men ſtubborn, but kind Words
Pierce gentle Breaſts, ſooner than Pointed Swords.

Leave God to manage for Thee, and to Grant
What his un-erring Wiſdom ſees Thee Want.

Life for Delays and Doubts no Time does give,
None ever yet made haſte enough to Live.

Single Lines.

LOve makes the Fouleſt Things ſeem Fair.
Let your Words and Actions bear the ſtricteſt Scrutiny.
Liberty is compar'd to Life, and Confinement to Death.
Learning is the Rich Man's Ornament, and the Poor's Riches.
Lazineſs is commonly Puniſhed with Want.
Learn to employ and well-improve your Time.
Learn by others Vices, how filthy your own are.
Little Sins commonly lead Men into great Evils.
Learning is the Ornament of Youth, and Comfort of Age.
Let not the ſmallneſs of a Fault make you deſpiſe it.
Let not worldly Reputation be the Motive to Religion.
Life and Death are in the Power of the Tongue.
Let your Anger Set with the Sun, but not Riſe with it.
Labour brings Pleaſure, Idleneſs brings Pain.
Labour is wholeſom for the Body and Mind.
Labouring to Pleaſe a Fool, is a ſervile Employment.
Learning without Virtue, is like a Garden of Weeds.
Learning is preferable to Riches, and Virtue to both.
Learn ſuch Qualifications as may be retain'd with Comfort.
Lament not the Loſs of that which you can't Retrieve.
Lamentation is the conſequence of inconſiderate Actions.
Looſe Converſation is an Argument of a vain Mind.
Lay wholly aſide, ill Nature and Pride.

Life cannot be long, tho' Nature be ſtrong.
Let young Men lament their Minutes miſpent.
Long ſeemeth that Delay which keeps our Joys away.
Learning ſundry ways does to Advancement raiſe.

SCRIPTURE.

LET not preſumptuous Sins have Dominion over me.
Let the Meditations of my Heart be accepted.
Let not Mercy and Truth forſake thee.
Let your Converſation be as becomes the Goſpel.
Lying Lips are an Abomination unto the Lord.
Lead me in thy Truth, for thou art my God.
Let thy Mercy, O Lord, be upon us.
Let another Man Praiſe thee, and not thy own Mouth.
Love not Sleep, leſt thou come to Poverty.

Proverbial Sentences.

LEt your Letter ſtay for the Poſt, not the Poſt for your Letter
Life without a Friend, is Death with a Witneſs.

Latin Sentences.

LAbor omnia vincit improbus.
Lex univerſa eſt, quæ jubet naſci & mori.
Loco ignominiæ eſt apud indignum dignitas.
Leniter, ex merito quicquid patiare, ferendum eſt.
Ludit in humanis Divina potentia rebus.
Luxuriant animi rebus plerumque ſecundis.

M M

MEN of Knowledge and Virtue, find ſuch Pleaſure and Satisfaction in calm Conſideration, above what others do in vulgar Diverſion; that by the *One* they Enjoy and Know, and by the *Other* they learn to Forget themſelves.

Men who are deſcended from Noble Blood; born to Enjoy great Eſtates; grac'd with Titles of Honour, may, notwithſtanding, be very Unhappy if they want Virtue, which is not Hereditary.

Meditation conſiders Objects piece by piece; but Contemplation collects them altogether.

Mony is the Miſer's God, which he Salutes at an humble Diſtance, and dares not be too Familiar with: When a *Bond* or *Mortgage* fails, there is nothing can ſupport his Spirits, or keep him within the compaſs of Decency: How paſſionately does he Lament over the Parchment Carcaſe, when the Soul of the Security is departed: his Humour, and his Face is put into Mourning; and ſo would the reſt of his Perſon, were it not for the Charge.

Miltiades, after all his brave Exploits, was upon a groundleſs Suſpicion, condemn'd, and dy'd in Priſon: In popular Governments, ſo dangerous a thing is Extraordinary Virtue; and ſo criminal is Exceſs of Merit.

Men who neglect God, neglect their own Safety; are active to procure their own Ruin; they flee from their own Happineſs, and perſue their own Miſery; and make haſte to be Undone.

Make not your Neighbour's Fault appear greater than it is, nor your own leſs; for to excuſe your own Fault, is to double it; and to aggravate another's by Detraction, is to make it your own.

Much Prudence is required in chuſing your Company; if you deſire Refreſhment, aſſociate with your Equals; but if Profit, with your Superiors: 'tis evermore the Sign of a meanneſs of Temper, to be ambitious of being the firſt of the Company.

Men are generally delighted with the bright Parts of *Learning* in other Men, and deſire ſuch Qualifications; yet they will not imitate the indefatigable Induſtry by which they aſcend to ſuch Perfection.

Many by appearing too Fearful, and jealous of being Deceiv'd, have tempted others to Deceive them.

Marcellus, when he had taken *Syracuſe*, wept over that once Flouriſhing City, and particularly lamented the Death of *Archimedes*; eſteeming one learned and wiſe Man, equal to the Power of a whole Common-wealth.

Many rich Men loſe the Enjoyment of a plentiful Eſtate, by endeavouring to Rob an honeſt Neighbour of

a bare Competency; ſuch Men are not only a Plague to themſelves, but a continual Vexation to all that live near them.

Many Men oft' admire thoſe Things they do not Underſtand, that they might be thought not to have leſs Knowledge than they who propoſe them.

Modeſty is never accounted a good Quality in a Man, when it hides any uſeful Talent he is capable to Exert; but where 'tis juſtly apply'd, 'tis to his other Virtues, like a Shade in a Picture, that ſets off the other Beauties.

Make choice of ſuch Company which you can Improve, or which can Improve you; and if your Companion can't make you, and you cannot make him Better, rather leave him Bad, than grow Worſe by him.

Muſick, when rightly order'd, cannot be Eſteem'd too much; for it recreates and exalts the Mind at the ſame time, and infuſes an unexpected Vigour; makes the Impreſſion agreeable and ſprightly; and ſeems to furniſh a new Capacity, as well as a new Opportunity of Satisfaction.

Malbranch obſerves, that People's Opinions of themſelves are commonly legible in their Countenance. Thus a kind Imagination makes a Man have Vigour, and Enterprize in his Air and Motion.

VERSE.

MAnkind one day Serene and Free appear,
The next they're Cloudy, Sullen, and Severe:
New Paſſions new Opinions ſtill Excite,
And what they like at Noon, deſpiſe at Night;
They gain with *Labour*, what they quit with *Eaſe*,
And Health, for want of Change, grows a Diſeaſe.

Men weary out their Brains, their Strength, and Time,
While ſome to Years, and ſome to Honours climb:
They ſearch Earth's Bowels, croſs the raging Seas,
Mortgage their Souls, and forfeit all their Eaſe:
Grudge Night her Reſt, to lengthen out the Day,
And all to fill their Baggs with Gilded Clay.

Men with like haſt to ſeveral ways do Run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone:
While Luxury and Wealth like War and Peace,
Are each the others Ruin and Increaſe;
As Rivers loſt in Seas, ſome ſecret Vein
Thence re-conveys them to be loſt again.

Marble, or Braſs, devouring Time may waſte,
But Wit, as long as circling Time ſhall laſt;
That ever lives, nor can to Death ſubmit;
No Tomb he needs, whoſe Monument is Wit.

May endleſs Spring, and riſing Flowers adorn
The Reliques of each Venerable Urn,
Who Pious Reverence to their Maſters paid,
As Parents honour'd, and as Gods obey'd.

Single Lines.

MOny is a Queen, and binds her Slaves with Fetters.
Many perſuing a better Fortune, have come by worſe.
Make Proviſion for Want in time of Plenty.
Mean Fortunes and Proud Spirits, are Fuel and Fire,
Misfortune is a Touchſtone of Friendſhip.
Many by humouring their Paſſions have undone themſelves.
Make your ſelf willing to do what muſt needs be done.
Make no Mans Misfortune the Subject of Deriſion.
Make not a jeſt at another Man's Infirmity.
Malice ſeldom wants a Mark to Shoot at.
Mortality is a Flaw in all Earthly Tenures.
Meditation of Death will direct your Preparation for it.
Mens Actions are the greateſt Sign of their Inclinations.
Mony is ſome Mens Servant, and other Mens Maſter.
Man has much to Learn, but a ſhort while to Live.
Men of Ill Lives can't expect comfortable Deaths.
Make not the Rewards of Virtue the Gifts of Favour.
Meaſure your Life by Goodneſs, not by Years.
Many have ſuffer'd by Over-talking, but few by Silence.

Maſters will truſt, what Servants are juſt.
Mens Lives in Peace and War, by God preſerved are.
Many Condemn that Sin, which they themſelves live in.

My Soul be not dismay'd, Thy Debts in Christ are paid.
Mony laid up with Care, too often proves a Snare.

SCRIPTURE.

MY Son, if Sinners entice thee, consent thou not.
Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards.
Much Seed is in the Tillage of the Poor.
Mercy and Truth, shall follow them who devise Good.
Make no Friendship with an Angry Man.
Mark the perfect Man, and behold the Upright.
Many will entreat the Favour of a Prince.
My Son gather Instruction from thy Youth up.

Proverbial Sentences.

MAny Things fall between the Cup and the Lip.
Make no more haste Down, than you do to go Up.
Mischiefs come by the Pound, and go away by the Ounce.
Make not thy Friend cheap to thee, nor thy self to thy Friend
Meat and Mattins hinder no Man's Journey.
Men may hold their Tongue in an Ill Time.

Latin Sentences.

MIlle Hominum species & vitæ discolor usus.
Mobilis & varia est fermè natura malorum.
Multis minatur, qui facit uni injuriam.
Male vivunt, qui se semper victuros putant.
Magno periculo custoditur, quod multis placet.
Minus decipitur, cui negatur celeriter.

N N

NEglect not the present time of Repentance, because you cannot assure your self of a better Opportunity: You are no where commanded to Repent *to Morrow*, nor promis'd greater Ability, to do it then.

Nothing is more uncertain than Praise, as it depends on the changeable Tempers of Men; for what one Man may give from Flattery or good Nature, another may take away by Envy or Detraction. And the Number of the Latter exceeds that of the Former.

Never talk over-much of what you know; lest you be suspected to talk of what you do not know: And tho' Silence is not always the Mark of a Wise Man, yet Noise and Impertinence, do certainly discover the Fool.

Nothing more discovers the Weakness of Human Nature, than the forming Large and Politick Designs for Worldly Enjoyments: Since Experience proves that the Pleasures we have hitherto promis'd our selves, have either met with a Disappointment, or been mixt with an ungrateful Bitter.

Ninus, King of *Assyria*, first brought Idolatry into the World, by raising a Statue to his Father *Belus*, which was accounted so Sacred, that whoever fled to it for Refuge, tho' Guilty of the most Notorious Crimes, was immediately acquitted.

Nothing dignifieth a Man more than Learning; and no Learning makes a Man more Judicious than History; This antedates Time, and brings Experience without Gray-Hairs, and makes us Wise at the Cost of others.

Never commend any Man to his Face, but rather commend him to others that they may have a good Opinion of him: neither dispraise any Man behind his Back, but rather tell him privately of his Faults, that you may work a Reformation on him

Never antedate your own Misfortune: for that is to aggravate it: For the mere apprehension of being unhappy may often more disquiet us, than the Unhappiness it self.

Nothing is a greater Argument of Wisdom, than the prudent Management of our Time; and will upon serious Reflection, produce the greatest Satisfaction.

No true Friendship can be unless among good Men; Vicious Men may divert, and Crafty Men barter good turns for their Interest: But only Wise and Just Men can give a lasting Entertainment.

Nature seldom changes with the Climate; and it is very rare, that he that goes abroad a Fool, Sails or Rides into good Sense.

Nothing shocks a great Mind more than to see Merit plac'd in a false Light, and made the Subject of Con-

Nature's Works are an Excellent Comment on the Bible; by which God in part Reads his own Definition to the World, and their Duty to him.

Nothing is more abſurd than to hope for a Heaven of Refin'd and Spiritual Happineſs, and at the ſame time to lead a Senſual Life as an Introduction to it.

None generally finds more Diſſatisfaction in Earthly things than thoſe who moſt Indulge themſelves with the Enjoyment of them.

Nobility, Power and Riches, cannot juſtify a wicked Act; neither can the want of any of theſe diſcredit a Good one.

Nothing is more Ridiculous, than to be ſerious about Trifles, and to be trifling about ſerious things.

No Hopes ſhou'd cauſe us to do an ill thing; nor any Fears make us omit a Good one.

No Security's in Wicked Company, where the good are often made bad, and the bad always worſe. If your Buſineſs leads you unto ſuch Company, take care you do not dwell there.

Nature does not furniſh us ſo faſt as we can think: For oftentimes the Senſe of Fancy is Richer than thoſe of Creation. Gold ſhines no where ſo Glorioufly, as in the Miſer's Head; and Ambition makes a Crown ſparkle more than the Jewels that adorn it.

No Body can be Eminent without Application; and an ordinary Genius with Application may go farther than a great one without it: For Art is gain'd by Indefatigable Labour.

Never to ſpeak in Superlatives, is the ſign of a Wiſe Man; for that manner of ſpeaking always wounds either Truth or Prudence. Immoderate Commendations are ſo many Proſtitutions of Reputation, in that they diſcover the Weakneſs of the Underſtanding, and the Bad Judgment of him that ſpeaks.

Never fear Want; the ſame Providence which took Care of you before you came into the World, will never be Wanting to you now you are in it. It is but little that we need, and it will not be long before we ſhall be freed from all manner of Want.

Neceſſity is the Mother of Invention; and Encouragement the Nurſe of it: What is Brought forth by the one, ſhould be Propagated by the other.

No Man ought to take Things upon Truſt, nor flatter himſelf that he knows more than he does; the one diſcovers an extraordinary Weakneſs of Mind, and the other a ridiculous Conceitedneſs.

Nothing renders an illiterate Man more ridiculous, than to affect hard Words: He that ſpeaks Words he does not underſtand, will ſoon diſcover himſelf to be a Coxcomb.

Never grieve too much for the Loſs of that which you could not keep, nor can poſſibly Regain.

No Faith is to be expected from him that will take Bribes; for the more he Gets, the more his Deſires are enlarg'd; and he will not refuſe the next Bribe, tho' it Claſh with the Intereſt of the former.

Nerva reſtor'd *Rome* to its Splendour, which had been Corrupted by his Predeceſſor *Domitian*; ſo much more firmly is an Empire ſupported by the Mildneſs of one good Prince, than by the Violence of Tyrants.

VERSE.

NOne lives in this tumultuous State of Things,
Where ev'ry Morning ſome new Trouble brings;
But bold Inquietudes will break his Reſt,
And gloomy Thoughts diſturb his Anxious Breaſt.
Angelick Forms, and happy Spirits are
Above the Malice of Perplexing Care.
But that's a Bleſſing too ſublime, too high
For thoſe who bend beneath Mortality.

No juſt, or temp'rate Thought can tell us why
We ſhould fear Death, or grieve for them that Die;
The Time we leave behind, is ours no more,
Nor our Concern, than Time that was before.
'Twere a fond Sight, if thoſe that ſtay behind
For the ſame Paſſage, (waiting for a Wind
To drive them to their Port) ſhould on the Shore
Lamenting ſtand, for thoſe that went before.

Never pretend to Skill, nor will to deem
Deep-learn'd, to court a popular Esteem;
But if admir'd by Men, you pass for Wise,
And draw their listning Ears, and gazing Eyes,
Rather mistrust, and doubt your self from thence:
They're often fond of Folly more than Sense.

No Bounds th' Almighty's Glory can refrain,
Nor Time's Dimensions terminate his Reign;
At his Reproof convulsive Nature shakes,
And shiv'ring Earth from its Foundation quakes:
His awful Touch the solid Mountains rends;
And curling Smoke in pitchy Clouds ascends.

Nature is ever various in her Frame,
Each has a different Will, and few the same:
The greedy Merchants, led by Lucre, Run
To the parch'd *Indies*, and the Rising-Sun;
While others, Safe at Home had rather keep,
Indulge their sloth, and batten with their Sheep.

No Art without a Genius will prevail,
And Parts without the help of Art will fail;
But both Ingredients jointly must unite
To make the happy Character compleat.

None, none descends into himself to find
The secret Imperfections of his Mind:
But every one is Eagle-Ey'd to see
Another's Faults, and his Deformity.

Not sharp Revenge, nor Tyrants Rage can find
A fiercer Torment than a Guilty Mind,
Which Day and Night does dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the Wretch, and still the Charge renews.

No State or Age of Human Life can be
From the Insults of bold Affliction free.

No

No Minutes surely bring us more Content
Than those, in pleasing, useful Studies, spent.

No part of Life from Toyls of Care is free,
No change in Age, no difference in Degree.

Next to the Pow'r of making Tempests cease,
Is in a Storm to learn to be at Peace.

None more pragmatical in State appear
Than they whose Judgments in their Pockets are.

Single Lines.

NOthing is more Destructive than a deprav'd Judgment.
No greater Torment than an Envious Spirit.
Nothing from without us can make us Happy.
Not he that has little, but he that desires much, is Poor.
Never expect Excellency from a vain-glorious Boaster.
No Man is Master of himself, that is a Slave to his Lust.
Nothing is so Beautiful, but what may have some Blemish.
Never wish for Things that cannot be attain'd.
No Caution can secure us against an Evil Tongue.
Not to grow Better, is commonly to grow Worse.
Nothing is Commendable that is Dishoneft.
Needful Silence never did any Man Harm.
No Riches are comparable to a Contented Mind.
Nothing is more Intolerable than Proud Ignorance.
Nothing is so Secret, but Time and Truth will Reveal it.
Never Insult nor Prey on another's Misery.
None have less Praise than they that hunt most after it.
Nothing is more Contagious than an Ill Example.
No Torments are so great, but Patience may vanquish.
None pretend to have an Injury more than he who offers it.
No Monument is comparable to Virtuous & Heroick Actions.
None can escape the Rod of an Almighty God.
Neither too Silent be, nor yet in Speech too free.
None ought to be accounted more than a Beggar mounted.
Nature is too hard for any Watch or Guard.
Nature will find a Grave for those who no Tomb have.

SCRIP-

SCRIPTURE.

NOW exhort young Men to be ſober-minded.
Now the Grace of God teaches to deny worldly Luſts.
No Man hath ſeen God at any time.
Now the Wiſdom that is from above, is firſt pure.

Proverbial Sentences.

NO One are Fools always; but every one ſometimes.
No Day paſſeth without ſome Grief.
No Sweet without ſome Sweat: Without Pains no Gains.
Neither praiſe nor diſpraiſe your ſelf; your Actions ſerve.
None ſhould covet what cannot poſſibly be had.

Latin Sentences.

NAM deteriores omnes ſumus licentiâ.
Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.
Nec regna ſocium ferre, nec tedæ ſciunt.
Non peccant oculi, ſi animus oculis imperet.
Nil turpius, quam vivere inſipiens ſenex.
Nimium altercando veritas amittitur.

O O

OBſerve the various Actions and Tempers of Men, and paſs by Human Infirmities with a generous Greatneſs. Criticiſe upon nothing more than your own Actions; and you'll ſee Reaſon enough to pardon the Weakneſs of others.

Our Preſent Time ought to be managed with a judicious Care; ſince we cannot ſecure a Moment to come, nor re-call the leaſt part of one that is paſt.

Opportunities neglected, may not only debar us of many Great and Noble Advantages; but may create many Melancholy Reflections and Anxious Thoughts; ſince they do not often happen, and when paſt, are irrecoverable.

One promiſing Chance of a treacherous Die flatters an improvident Gameſter with his own Hands to throw away his Wealth to another.

One

One of the Fathers ſays, That there is but this Difference betwixt the Death of Old Men and of Young Men; That Old Men go to Death, but Death goes to Young Men.

Our Paſſions may be compared to Lawyers wrangling at the Bar; and Diſcretion to the Lord-Keeper, who moderates them.

One of *Auguſtus*'s Soldiers bragging of a Scar in his Forehead, was ask'd, if he did not get it by looking back when he Fled?

One Reaſon why many Men want their Deſires, is becauſe their Deſires want Reaſon. He may do what he will, that will do but what he may.

One asking *Gundamor*, how old a certain Perſon was? anſwered, He was in Health: Another, how rich he was? he ſaid, he was out of Debt.

Oppoſe Villany with your utmoſt Vigour: where Courage is required, Modeſty is but a weak and treacherous Virtue.

Our Minds are capable of great things; and we hurt them, by accuſtoming them to little ones.

Our Superfluities are the Poor's Right; and God having aſſigned them as theirs, we Rob them when we do not let them have 'em.

Our Intereſt and Inclinations have a ſtrange Power of Deceiving us: A ſtrong Affection, or a Diſlike, is apt to repreſent Matters in a different Light, and to alter the moral Appearances of things.

Our Minds are over-proportioned to the Advantages of Life, which will not hold out to the Length of Deſire: And ſince they are not big enough to Satisfie, they ſhould be too little to Diſſatisfie us.

One ought always to ſide with Reaſon and Duty: ſo that neither Vulgar Paſſion, nor Tyrannical Violence may be able to make one abandon them. The Crafty often ſtand neuter; and by a plauſible and metaphyſical Subtilty endeavour to reconcile their Conſciences to their Paſſions with Reaſons of State. But an Upright Man looks upon that way of Trimming as a kind of Treaſon; thinking it more Honour to be *Good* than to be *Great*.

Of

Of all Injustice, that is the Greatest which imposes on us under the Specious Shew of *Kindness* and *Good Meaning*.

Of all Associations, there is none so Firm and Noble as when Virtuous Men are link'd together by a Correspondence of Manners and Freedom of Conversation.

Octavius Cæsar hearing that *Alexander*, after he had subdu'd *Asia*, was in perplexity how to employ himself afterwards, wondred that he thought it a more difficult Labour to Govern an Empire, than to Conquer it.

Ovid, the Famous Poet, when Persons found fault with any of his Verses, was used to say, That a Mole in a fair Face was rather an Addition to, than a Lessening of its Beauty.

One Reason why Heaven does not make Rich Men happy, may be, because they think themselves happy here without Heaven.

One asking *Antisthenes*, What Fruit he gained by his Studies? answered, *He had learnt to live and converse with himself.*

VERSE.

OF Honour Men at first, like Women, nice,
Raise Maiden Scruples at unpractis'd Vice.
Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,
And stifles what they wish to act with Shame.
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taste Forbidden Fruit, and Live,
They stop not here their Course; but safely in,
Grow Strong, Luxuriant, and are bold in Sin.

One World suffic'd not *Alexander's* Mind;
Coop'd up he seem'd, in Earth and Seas confin'd;
And struggling, stretch'd his restless Limbs about
The Narrow Globe, to find a Passage out:
Yet enter'd in the Brick-built Town, he try'd
The Tomb, and found the streight Dimensions wide.
Death only this mysterious Truth unfolds!
The mighty Soul, How small a Body holds!

Of all the Race of Animals, alone
The Bees have common Cities of their own,
And common Sons; beneath one Law they live,
And with one common Stock their Traffick drive;
Each has a certain Home, a ſev'ral Stall,
All is the State's; the State provides for all:
Mindful of coming Cold, they ſhare the Pain,
And hoard for Winter's Uſe the Summer Grain.

Oh happy, if he knew his happy State,
The Swain, who free from Buſineſs and Debate,
Receives his Eaſie Food from Nature's Hand,
And juſt Returns of cultivated Land;
No Palace with a Lofty Gate he wants
T' admit the Tides of early Viſitants
With eager Eyes devouring as they paſs
The breathing Figures of *Corinthian* Braſs.

Oh! to what Heav'nly Pitch that Soul aſpires,
That craves no more than Nature's Need requires,
But ſtudies to be ſober, wiſe, and good,
Content with mod'rate Fortune and mean Food;
Who envys no Man's Honour or Eſtate,
Nor yet deſpiſes thoſe cruſh'd down by Fate.

On God's great Bounty we dependent live,
And from his Providence our Meat receive,
His open Hands profuſely ſcatter Food,
Which pleas'd we gather, and are pleas'd with Good;
But when his Hand is ſhut, we Creatures mourn,
Till his withdrawn Beneficence return.

Our Yeſterday's To morrow now is gone,
And ſtill a new To morrow does come on;
We by To morrow draw up all our Store,
Till the exhauſted Well can yield no more.

Of all the Virtues Juſtice is the beſt,
Valour without it is a common Peſt.
Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage graced,
Shew us how ill that Virtue may be plac'd.

Oh! Heav'ns, grant me that my Means may lie
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high.

Others good turns to thee be sure to tell;
But nothing say, when thou thy self dost well.

Observe in your Discourse the Bounds of Reason:
For Sense proves Nonsense, spoken out of Season.

On Providence all Accidents depend
For their Beginning, Progress, and their End.

Of truly Valiant he deserves the Name,
Who not by Words, but Deeds acquires the fame.

Of Pride in thy Prosperity beware;
Vicissitudes of Fortune constant are.

Our Shooes and Fortune sure are much Ally'd:
We Limp in streight, and Tumble in the wide.

Our Reformation never can prevail,
While *Precepts* govern, and *Examples* fail.

Single Lines.

ORder and Regularity preserve what Disorder destroys.
Of all Poverty, that of the Mind is most deplorable.
Our Religion dies as soon as our Faith leaves us.
Of all Worldly Enjoyments, Mony bears the Bell.
One bad Companion may ruine many good Men.
Our good Name ought to be more dear to us than Life.
One Fault cannot justifie the Commission of another.
One Vice is more expensive than Ten Virtues.
Obedience of the good proceeds more from Love than Fear.
Our Comforts here are neither full nor permanent.
Of all things, Death should never be forgot.
Of all Prodigality, that of Time is the worst.
Our Life here is but a Journey to the next World.

Occasions past are sought in vain; but sometimes wheel about again.
O wretch that knowest nought, yet fanciest to be taught.

SCRIPTURE.

OUT of the abundance of the Heart the Mouth speaketh.
Oh! remember not the Sins of my Youth.
O Lord, so direct my Ways that I may keep thy Statutes.
Only by Pride cometh Contention.
Offer the Sacrifice of Righteousness unto the Lord.
O magnifie the Lord with me, and let us exalt his Name.
Open Rebuke is better than Secret Hatred.

Proverbial Sentences.

ON a Good Bargain think twice.
One Ounce of Discretion is worth a Pound of Wit.
Once well done is Twice done.
One Scabby Sheep infects a whole Flock.
One Year a Nurse, and Seven Years the worse.

Latin Sentences.

O *Mnes sibi malunt melius esse, quam alteri.*
Otia si tollas, periere cupidinis arcus.
Omne solum forti patria est, ut piscibus æquor.
O quam miserum est nescire mori!
Obedientia felicitatis mater.
Omnia prius verbis experiri, quam armis sapientem decet.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

P

PRide hides our Faults from our selves, and magnifies them to others. It will make a Man dictate to his Superiours, of whom he ought to learn; and rather than appear Wise, choose to continue Ignorant.

Philip of *Macedon* receiving a Fall on the *Palæstra*, and looking, when he got up, on the Impression his Body made, said, *Good God! Is it possible that we, to whom Nature has given a Being of so narrow an Extent, should covet to be Masters of the whole World?*

Policy and Religion, as they do well together, ſo they do as ill aſunder: The one being too cunning to be good, the other too ſimple to be ſafe.

Provide your ſelf not only with Defenſive, but Offenſive Weapons: The firſt you may uſe on all occaſions; but the latter only in Caſes of Neceſſity.

Pretend not that the Incumbrances of Human Affairs make you neglect the Duties of Religion; ſo tranſcendently Glorious are the Things of another Life, compar'd with our Momentary Enjoyments, that whoever makes ſuch Pretenſions, ſhews the Greatneſs of his Covetouſneſs, and the Weakneſs of his Faith.

Penurious Men ſeldom want Excuſes when the Neceſſities of the Poor demand their Charity: As thoſe Men ſhew a great Inſenſibility of another's Miſery, ſo they make an ungrateful Return to their Great Benefactor for the many good things they are poſſeſt of.

Perſons ſuddenly advanc'd to great Preferment, ought to examine how much they deſerve that Honour. It is generally the Misfortune of Corrupt Nature to impute that to their own Merit, for which they ought to thank the Providence of God.

Proſperity is ſo unhappy a thing to ſome Men, that they never come to the Knowledge of themſelves till Adverſity teaches it them.

Proſperity ſo hurtful is to ſome,
That they ne'er know themſelves till Troubles come.

Proſperity makes us known to others, whether we are what we ſeem to be; and Adverſity makes others known to us, whether they are in Reality, what they ſeem in Profeſſion.

Providence is pleaſed to ſee Noble Souls ſtruggling with Difficulties; and often defers their Reward till it grows greater by Delay.

Patient enduring a Neceſſary Evil, is next to a Voluntary Martyrdom: For Adverſity overcome, is the higheſt Glory; and willingly undergone, is the greateſt Virtue: Sufferings are the Tryal of a Gallant Spirit.

Put forth all your Strength in Honouring of God, and doing his Commandments: For that time ſhall end in a

bleſſed

blessed Eternity, that is prudently and zealously spent in God's Service.

Punishments are as natural Effects of Sin, as Smoke is of Fire; and we must put out the one in order to prevent the other.

Prosperity but discovers Vice, and Adversity Virtue; the Former was the Blessing of the *Old*, the Latter of the *New* Testament.

Prudence is a Christian, as well as a Moral Virtue: Without it Devotion degenerates into Superstition, Liberality into Profuseness, and Zeal is a pious Frenzy.

Pythagoras caused to be writ on his School, *He who knows not what he ought, is a Bruit. He who knows no more than he has need of, is a Man: and he that knows all that may be known, is a God among Men.*

Portia the Daughter of *Cato* being asked when she would marry, answer'd, When I find a Man that seeks *Me* more than *Mine*.

Prefer a greater Concern of your Neighbour's to a slight one of your own; but if they are equally circumstanc'd, you are at liberty to serve your self first.

Plato said, That the certain way to be truly Rich, is, not to be sollicitous so much to encrease a Fortune, as to give Limits to our own Desires: For whosoever is grasping at more, confesses he is still in want.

Providence generally mingles such a Quantity of Bitter with the Sweets of Prosperity, as not to suffer us to believe our selves Independent, lest we forget our selves and our Great Benefactor.

Phocion the *Athenian* was a very Just and a very Poor Man, when a great Sum of Money was offered him, and he was advised to take it for his Children's sake, No, said he, if they are unlike me, this Mony will contribute to their Luxury; but if they are like their Father, this little Spot of Land will maintain them.

Plutarch was of such high Esteem for his Excellent Writings, that a Learned Father being ask'd the Question, If all Books were to be thrown into the Sea, which he would throw in last, reply'd, *Plutarch*.

Pardon is a glorious kind of Revenge: *Cicero* did

more

more commend *Cæsar* for Pardoning *Marcellus*, than for the Victory obtain'd over his Enemies.

Pride in a Beauty, is like a Flaw in a Diamond; it lessens the Value, spoils its Lustre, and is seldom Cured.

Prosperity is not without its Troubles; nor Adversity without its Comforts.

Prefer solid Sense to Wit; never study to be Diverting, without being Useful; commend nothing so much as strict Virtue; let no Jest intrude upon good Manners; nor say any thing that may Offend a Chast Ear.

VERSE.

PRinces, and Potentates in Dust are laid,
Who grand Affairs, and mighty Nations sway'd;
And he, of Old, who levell'd the vast Main,
And brought his Army o'er the Purple Plain,
Taught fawning Waves beneath his Feet to Creep,
Insulting o'er the Murmurs of the Deep,
Now Conquer'd, fills vast Musters of the Dead;
Those Thunder-Bolts of War, proud *Carthage's* dread,
The *Scipio's*, gave their Bones up to the Graves,
Their Obsequies no better than their Slaves.
And those who Arts, and Sciences first found;
And who *Parnassus* forked Turrets Crown'd,
'Mongst whom once *Homer* did the Scepter Sway,
All these in quiet Slumbers lie in Clay.

Perhaps, deceiv'd by Lust-supplying Wealth,
New enjoy'd Pleasures, and a present Health,
We fear to lose, what a small Time must waste;
Till Life it self grows the Disease at last;
Begging for Life, we beg for more Delay,
And to be long a Dying, only Pray.

Pray for Things Lawful, don't that Bound exceed;
For God, before you Ask, knows what you need,
But silence in the Soul he doth abhor;
Mercies are Small, if not worth Asking for.

Purchasing Riches with our Time and Care,
We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare;
And having all, all to our selves refuse,
Oppress'd with Blessings, which we fear to use.

Patterns of Labour we shall never want,
While we behold the small, but painful Ant.

Premeditate your Speeches; Words once flown
Are in the Hearers Power, not your own.

Providence wisely hath it so ordain'd,
That all by all can never be obtain'd.

Presence of Mind, and Courage in distress
Are more than Armies to procure Success.

Single Lines.

POwer is but the Beauty, and the Pomp of Trouble.
Policy often effects, what Strength cannot perform.
Pursue useful and profitable Studies.
Prefer a small Certainty before a great Uncertainty.
Peace and Quietness are Blessings of the first Magnitude.
Prayer disposes us to a Divine and Heavenly Temper.
Pride, like a wild Horse, overthrows its Rider.
Poverty is a Temptation to Corruption, Riches to Oppression.
Passion is a bad Counsellor, and as ill a Speaker.
Past Pleasures pave the Way to future Repentance.
Providence consults our Wants, not Wantonness.
Prosperity is not always the Attendant of Virtue.
Pry not into the Secret Affairs of others.
Punishment defer'd commonly falls the heavier.
Prosperity gains Friends, and Adversity tries them.
Put not that off too late, that cannot be done too soon.
Pain wastes the Body, as Pleasures do the Understanding.
Prudent Projections prevent Insurrections.
Perplexing Cares, bring on Gray Hairs.
Poets give Virtue a Name, a never dying Fame.
Prosperity makes *Friends* abound, in Misery *but few* are found.

SCRIPTURE.

PUT away from thee a froward Mouth & perverse Lips.
Poverty & Shame attend those that refuse Instructions.
Pride goes before *Destruction*, & a haughty Spirit before a *Fall*.
Praise the Lord, for he is good and gracious.
Precious in the Sight of the Lord is the Death of his Saints.
Pray for the Peace of *Jerusalem* all that Love her.
Profess not the Knowledge that thou hast not.

Proverbial Sentences.

PAin is forgotten when Gain follows.
Pride goes before, and Shame follows after.
Patience with Poverty, is all a Poor Man's Remedy.

Latin Sentences.

PRæcipuum jam inde à teneris impende laborem.
Pluris est oculatus testis unus, quam auriti decem.
Pauper enim non est, cui rerum suppetit usus.
Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.
Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur,
Pura Deus, non plenus, adspicit manus.

Q

QUantity is generally valu'd by the Ignoram, and the Covetous; the first is debar'd from taking an Excellence, and the other by endeavouring to Gain much, Discerns but little: It is only a Person of a generous Temper, and penetrating Judgment that has regard to Quality.

Quintilian, an accurate Judge of Men, was pleas'd with Boys, who wept when their School-Fellows out-did them; for the sense of Disgrace would make them Emulous, and Emulation would make them Scholars.

Quintilian was so fine an Orator and School-Master, that he receiv'd his Pay out of the Publick Treasury: Learning and Industry cannot be Poor, being always necessary in a Common-wealth; and the Encouragement of them is a Prince's greatest Honour.

VERSE.

QUickly lay hold on Time, while in your Pow'r;
Be careful well to Husband ev'ry Hour.
For Time ſhall come, when you ſhall ſore Lament
Th' unhappy Minutes, which you have Miſpent:
Deſpair of Nothing which you would attain;
Unweary'd Diligence your Point will gain.

Quick Time, on Months and Years its Children feeds,
And kills with Motion, what its Motion breeds;
Hours waſte their Days, the Days their Months conſume,
And the Rapacious Months their Years entomb:
Thus Years, Months, Days, and Minutes, keep their round,
Till all in vaſt Eternity are drown'd.

Quick Light'ning flies, when heavy Clouds ruſh on,
And ſtrike as Steel on Flint, or Stone on Stone;
For then ſmall Sparks appear, and ſcatter'd Light,
Breaks ſwiftly forth, and Wakes the Sleeping Night;
The Night amaz'd, begins to haſte away,
As if thoſe Fires were Beams of coming Day.

Query was made, what did *Jehovah* do
Before the World its firſt Foundation knew?
The Anſwer was, He made a *Hell* for ſuch
As were too Curious, and would know too much.

Quietneſs love; hate all debate or ſtrife;
Your Mind inform, and well reform your Life.

Single Lines.

QUench not your Deſires, when they tend to Good.
Quietneſs carries its Rewards along with it.
Quarrels are eaſily Begun, but difficultly Ended.
Quietneſs is ſecure, but Raſhneſs is dangerous.
Queſtions of Moment require deliberate Anſwers.
Quarrelſom Perſons are Miſchievous Companions.
Quantity is not as conſiderable as Quality.
Queſtion not the Truth of what God has Reveal'd.

SCRIPTURE.

QUench not the Spirit; Pray without ceasing.
Questions foolish and unlearned avoid.

Proverbial Sentences.

QUick at Meat, quick at Work.
Quantity without Quality is worth nothing.
Quick Promisers, are slow Performers.

Latin Sentences.

QUoniam id fieri, quod vis, non potest, velis id quod possis.
Quod cavere possis, Stultum est admittere.
Quem ferret qui Parentem non ferret suum?
Quo fata trahunt, retrahuntque sequamur.
Quicquid erit, superanda omnis Fortuna ferendo est.
Quid non Mortalia Pectora cogis, auri Sacra fames?
Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem Testa diu.
Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam inspice.

R R

REputation is to be preserv'd with all the Care imaginable; yet we must not Neglect a known Duty to uphold it; for that were to change solid Gold, for burnish'd Brass.

Rebuke your Servant without Passion, with soft Words and strong Arguments, lest he see a Fault in you, while you are reproving one in him: If he is Ingenuous, this may Reform him; if not, He is Stupid, and so not fit for your Service.

Recreation after Business is allowable; but he that follows his Recreation, instead of his Business, shall in a little time have no Business to follow.

Richard II. never appear'd more worthy of a Kingdom than when he was Depos'd, for being Unworthy of it: And had not his Life been taken from him, he had never complain'd that Fortune had done him Wrong.

Religion receiv'd from Authority, not Conviction, makes the Professor a Finger-watch to be mov'd forward or backward, as may best serve

Rather run, than be drawn into Goodneſs; but neither run, nor be drawn into Sin: Be not perſwaded by any means to be Evil, but be Good without any Perſwaſion.

Reputation is like Fire, when once you have kindled it, you may eaſily preſerve it; but if once you extinguiſh it, you will not eaſily kindle it again; and if you ſhould, it may Burn a little, but it will never Blaze.

Remember that you Sleep not without a Recollection of the Actions of every Day, that what is Bad, may be the matter of Godly Sorrow; and what is Good of hearty Thankſgiving.

Religion is the moſt Chearful Thing in the World, and forbids us Nothing but what corrupts the Purity of our Minds, and breaks the Force and Vigour of them.

Rectitude of Will is a greater Ornament and Perfection than Brightneſs of Underſtanding; and to be Divinely Good, is more valuable than any Humane Knowledge.

Retirement, which is a Priſon and a Puniſhment to the Fool and the Sinner, is a Paradiſe to the Wiſe and the Good.

Religious-Muſick ſhould not be light and trivial, but grave, ſolemn, and ſeraphic, fit for a Martyr to play, and an Angel to hear; this may tranſport us with the Beauty of Holineſs, and raiſe us above the Satisfaction of Life, and make us Ambitious of the Glories of Heaven.

VERSE.

REaſon refin'd, and to Perfection brought
By wiſe Philoſophy, and ſerious Thought,
Supports the Soul beneath the pond'rous Weight
Of angry Stars, and impropitious Fate:
Then is the Time ſhe ſhould exert her Power,
And make us Practice what ſhe Taught before.
Why are ſo many mighty Volumes read?
Thoſe learned Labours of the famous Dead;
But to prepare the Mind for its Defence
By ſage Reſults, and well-diſputed Senſe?

That when the Storm of Misery appears
With all its real, or fantastick Fears,
We either may the threatning Danger fly;
Or stem the Tide, before it swells too high.

Relate, my Friend, from whence hadst thou the Skill,
So nicely to distinguish Good from Ill?
When to be Bountiful, and when to Spare,
But never Craving, or oppress'd with Care?
The Baits of Gifts, and Money to despise,
And look on Wealth with undesiring Eyes?
When thou canst truly call these Virtues Thine,
Be Wise, and free by Heavens consent and Mine:

Restore to God his due in Tythe, and Time:
A Tythe purloin'd, Cankers the whole Estate.
Sundays observe, think when the Bells do chime,
'Tis Angels Musick; therefore come not late.
God then deals Blessings; if a King did so,
Who would not Haste, nay Give, to see the *Show*?

Remember Death, think every Day your last,
Lament all Vanities, and Follies past.

Rich Men are not too Rich, whom Pride ne'er swells;
Nor Poor-men Poor enough, in whom Pride dwells.

Rare is the Man, whose Life becomes a Scene,
To show the guilty World, the Golden Mean.

Read what is pure, shun Sloth, but Pray and Fast,
If you your Body would keep Pure and Chast.

Reckon your Children with those pleasing Joys
That one Hour gives, another Hour destroys.

Single Lines.

RIches and Care are inseperable Companions.
Riches gain'd by Craft, are often lost with Shame.

Religion conduces to the good Government of the World.
Repentance is not a ſingle Act, but a Habit of Virtue.
Reſolution is the Spring of Voluntary Actions.
Religion is beſt underſtood when moſt practis'd.
Riches are hard to gain, but more hard to keep.
Repentance is the Companion of ſinful Pleaſure.
Revenge not Injuries, but forgive them.
Reality is now become a great Rarity.
Recreation ſhould be us'd with Reaſon and in time.
Rejoice to find the Truth, and manfully maintain it.
Reſtraint from Ill is Freedom to a Wiſe Man.
Rather miſtruſt too ſoon, than be deceiv'd too late.
Religion and Reaſon are Guides to Happineſs.
Revenge is a Pleaſure only to a mean Spirit.
Riches do not eaſe Mens Minds, nor leſſen their Cares.
Repentance is the Phyſick of the Soul.
Rich Men depend on the Poor, as well as the Poor on them.

SCRIPTURE.

REmember thy Creator in the Days of thy Youth.
Riches profit not in the Day of Wrath.
Righteouſneſs keeps him who is upright in the Way.
Remember not the Sins of my Youth.
Rob not the Poor, nor oppreſs the Afflicted.
Remove far from me Vanity and Lies.
Reſt in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.
Reſtore unto me the Joy of thy Salvation.
Reject not the Supplication of the Afflicted.

Proverbial Sentences.

RIde ſoftly, that you may come home the ſooner.
Rely not on another for what you can do your ſelf.

Latin Sentences.

Ridiculum eſt nocentis odio perdere innocentiam.
Repentè dives nemo factus eſt bonus.
Res inquieta eſt in ſeipſam infelicitas.
Res eſt ſollicitis plena timoris amor.
Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis.
Regem decet præferre Patriam Liberis.

SOme Persons are of so unhappy a Constitution, that sudden Changes of Weather affect the Brain; and they rise and fall with the Mercury in the Weather-Glass; and can scarcely speak Sense, unless the Sun shines out.

Sometimes a Consciousness of Worth, a Nobleness and Elevation of Mind, joyn'd with a Fineness of Constitution, gives Lustre and Dignity to the Aspect, and make the Soul as it were shine thro' the Body.

Some Men are Born with such becoming Deportment and graceful Appearance, one would think that Nature had designed them for the Elder Brothers of Mankind. A Spirit of Dominion exerts it self in them; even in the most common Actions all obey them: because in every thing they seem to excel every body else.

Silence is the Sanctuary of Prudence, and was never ranked with Folly. A Resolution discover'd, seldom meets with due Esteem. He who declares himself, is obnoxious to Censure; and if he succeeds not, he is doubly blam'd.

Shun the least Appearance of Sin: For sometimes, Indifferent things are fatal in their Consequences, and strike us at the Rebound. He who will not keep his distance from the Gulf, may be drawn in by the Eddy.

Scipio was a rare Example of Temperance. When a Fair Woman was brought Prisoner to him, *Were I but a private Man*, said he, *I could willingly accept of this Beautiful Present; but being a General, I cannot.*

Solon made a Law, that those Parents should not be relieved in their Old Age by their Children, who did not take care to give them a Virtuous Education.

Some in their Discourse are so scandalously obscene, as to repeat their Debaucheries with such Warmth of Pleasure and Delight, as makes it hard to determine whether there is more Guilt in the Fact they have committed, or their nauseous Relation of it.

Sir *H. Wooton* accounted it a Man's utmost Happiness to be at leisure to do good.

So far as we fall short of true Holiness, we fall short of true Happiness; for they are inseparable.

Since a Rich Man cannot live without a Dependence on the Help and Service of the Poor; he has little reason to be proud of his large Possessions.

Slothful Persons are commonly conceited, and their Conceit is the natural Issue of their Ignorance; their Indisposition to Labour not suffering them to consider the Nature of things where any Difficulty arises: and therefore they are content with a superficial Glance.

Sense of Shame is a very strong Restraint to keep Men from Sin. He who by a Vicious Course of Life has worn out that Sense, has nothing left but Fear to deter him from the most barbarous Acts of Villany.

Shame, Disgrace, Disease, Disappointment, and Self-condemning Reflections, are the common Punishments of Sloth. But Success and Riches generally attend Diligence.

So desire the things of this World, as that you may be the better for enjoying them! and so employ them, as you may give a good Account how you have used them!

Sloth is an Argument of a degenerate and mean Mind, which is content to grovel in a despicable State; and aims at nothing that is great: It disposes a Man to live precariously and ungratefully on the publick Stock, as a Burthen of the Earth, and an insignificant Cypher among Men.

Sin is not less dangerous because Men are hardned in it; nor Religion less excellent, because Vicious Men despise it.

Socrates being told, that the Oracle at *Delphos* had declared him the wisest Man in *Greece*, said, That there was nothing in him to Verifie what the Oracle had declared, but this, that all that he knew, was, that he knew nothing; when others who were not wise, reckoned themselves to be so.

Stephen, King of *England*, had one special Virtue in him, that he was not tainted with any known Vice. He was besides of an excellent Temper for a Soldier: For he ne-

ver kill'd any Enemy in cold Blood, as *Anthony* did *Cicero*; nor any Friend in hot Blood, as *Alexander* did *Clitus*.

Since Mens Opinions are as various as their Faces, it is no wonder if that ſome diſcommend thoſe Performances which others approve.

So long as there are bad Men in the World, there will be Villany in it: And he that is reſolved to fret himſelf for what he ſees amiſs, ſhall never have a quiet Hour while he lives.

Sir *Thomas More* adviſed his Children to take Virtue for their Meat, and Play for their Sawce.

Saving Knowledge is the Perfection of Knowledge; and to be wiſe to Salvation, is conſummate Wiſdom.

Some things are good which are not pleaſant; and other things are pleaſant which are not good; but to live in Peace, is both good and pleaſant.

Some chuſe to bury their Talents, rather than be at the trouble to employ them.

St. *Auguſtine* ſays, that tho' God can be merciful without our Merits, becauſe he is good; yet he cannot condemn us without our Demerits; becauſe he is juſt.

Some Mens Parts are ſo eminently conſpicuous, that their very Names are a Panegyrick, and leave Verbal Praiſes without a Sound.

Socrates ſaid of his Enemies, they might kill him, but they could not hurt him.

Shun Multiplicity of Buſineſs, and Exceſs of Employment: For too great an Application to Temporal Affairs robs Men both of Time and Inclination to Spiritual things.

Self-Denial is the moſt Exalted Pleaſure; and the Conqueſt of Evil Habits is the moſt Glorious Triumph.

Some People indulge themſelves in their Superfluities, till they come to want the common Neceſſaries of Life.

Sins of Infirmity are like Caterpillars which devour the Growth and Verdure of Grace; but preſumptuous Sins are like thoſe Worms which gnaw the very Root of it.

Since Advancement is ſo dangerous, take heed of being too ambitious, and think your ſelf high enough, if you can but ſtand upright.

VERSE.

SHame on beſotted Man, whoſe baffl'd Mind
Is to all Dangers, but the preſent, blind;
Whoſe Thoughts are all employ'd on Miſchiefs near;
But Ills remote they ne'er foreſee or fear:
The Soldier is prepar'd before th' Alarm,
The Signal giv'n, 'twou'd be too late to Arm:
The Pilots Foreſight waits each diſmal Blaſt,
And loſes no Advantage by his Haſte.
The lab'ring Ant in Summer ſtores at home
Proviſion, e're Old Age and Winter come:
But oh! What means Man's ſtupid Negligence,
Who, of the Future has ſo little ſence.

Shou'd the whole Art of growing Numbers ſtand,
Stars, Thoughts, Leaves, Emmets, Minutes, Drops, and Sand,
All Matter, Water, Earth, Fire, Air, and all
Paſt, preſent, future, into Atoms fall;
And all Mankind that was, is, is to come,
Angels, all Creatures, joyn to count the Sum,
And count from the Creation, to the Doom.
Ages, Worlds, Thouſands, Myriads Millionize;
Fatigue Conception, 'twill not all comprize
Thee, O Eternity! Then, Friend, be wiſe.

Such is the gloomy State of Mortals here,
We know not what to wiſh, or what to fear.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of Will?
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing ill?
Receive my Counſel, and ſecurely move,
Entruſt thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above.
Leave them to manage for thee; and to grant
What their unerring Wiſdom ſees thee want.

Since the Firſt Man by Diſobedience fell
An eaſie Conqueſt to the Pow'rs of Hell;
There's none in any State of Life can be
From the Inſult of bold Affliction free.

If a ſhort Reſpite gives us ſome relief,
And interrupts the Series of our Grief,
So quick the Pangs of Miſery return,
We joy by Minutes, but by Years we mourn.

Sighs for departed Friends, are fruitleſs things;
To them no Help, to us no Comfort bring.
Aſhes and Sackcloth, Cries and rending Clothes
Our Folly, more than our Affection, ſhow.
But if you will like Men and Chriſtians grieve
When others die, be thankful You're alive.

Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe,
But to our Thoughts what Edicts can give Law?
Ev'n you your ſelf to your own Breaſt ſhall tell
Your Crimes, and your own Conſcience prove your Hell:
For Conſcience is the Teſt of ev'ry Mind:
Seek not your ſelf without your ſelf to find.

Some are ſo Various, that they ſeem to be
Of the whole Univerſe th' Epitome;
Stiff in Opinion, always in the wrong;
Are ev'ry thing by ſtarts, and nothing long;
And in the courſe of two revolving Moons,
Are Fidlers, Chymiſts, Stateſmen and Buffoons.

Such is the Mode of theſe cenſorious days,
The Art is loſt of knowing how to praiſe:
Yet whatſoe'er is by vain Criticks taught,
Praiſing is harder much, than finding fault:
In homely Pieces, ev'n the *Dutch* excel:
The *Britiſh* only can draw Beauties well.

Sorrow, and Joy are ne'er diſguis'd by Art;
Our Foreheads ſhew the Secrets of our Heart.

Sicilian Tyrants never yet cou'd find
A greater Torment than an Envious Mind.

Sin is a Slave to Cuſtom, and will die
Whenever Habit ſuffers a decay.

Single Lines.

SIlence is the Sanctuary of Prudence.
Suſpect thoſe things which the Multitude approves.
Since none enjoy all Bleſſings, be content with your few.
Strong Men are overcome by the Policy of the Weak.
Slothfulneſs is the Bane and Canker of Ingenuity.
Sin ariſes from the Irregularity of our Appetites & Paſſions.
Sluggards are the Cauſe of their own Misfortunes.
Sow in Proſperity, and you ſhall reap in Adverſity.
Slight not good Counſel, tho' given by your Inferiour.
Spend your Days well, and you will end them well.
Sin, like a Diſeaſe, is often caught by Infection.
Security is commonly the Forerunner of Calamity.
Self-Love is the greateſt Flatterer in the World.
Succeſs is God's uſual Reward of Diligence.
Saying and doing ſhould be but one Man's Office.
Safety and Peace compleat the Happineſs of a Nation.
Silence is an Antidote againſt an envious Tongue.
Sin goes before, and Shame certainly follows after.
Self-praiſers rob themſelves of the Praiſe they ſeek.
Silence is the Prudence of a Fool, as Speech is of the Wiſe.
Succeſs does not always attend Deſert.
Sympathy is the Alphabet of Love.

Sorrow is then moſt true, when leaſt expos'd to View.
Search not with curious Eyes God's ſacred Myſteries.
Submit to God's good Will, and you'll be happy ſtill.

SCRIPTURE.

SHew me thy marvellous Loving-kindneſs, O Lord.
Shame and Diſgrace ſhall be the Promotion of Fools.
Set a Watch before my Mouth, that I offend not.
Serve the Lord with Fear, and rejoyce with Trembling.
Say not thou, I will recompence Evil.
Strive for the Truth, and the Lord ſhall fight for thee.
Separate thy ſelf from thy Enemies.
Strive not with a Man who has done thee no wrong.

Proverbial Sentences.

SOme dance in a Net, and think no body ſees them.
Speech is the Picture of the Mind.
Sell not the Bear's Skin before you have caught him.
Shew me a Liar, and I'll ſhew you a Thief.
Standers by ſee more than Gameſters.
Some fare ill at the greateſt Banquet.

Latin Sentences.

SCitum eſt periculum ex aliis facere, quod tibi ex uſu ſiet.
Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus.
Sincerum eſt niſi vas, quodcunque infundis, aceſcit.
Scire tuum nihil eſt niſi te ſcire, hoc ſciat alter.
Secretò amicos admone, lauda palam.
Stultum eſt timere, quod vitare non potes.

T T

THE proud Man and the Choleric ſeldom arrive at any Height of Virtue. They are ſometimes born to good Natural Parts, but they are rarely known to improve them by Induſtry. It is the mild and ſuffering Diſpoſition which does moſt frequently arrive to Eminence.

There are ſome, whoſe Speeches are Witty, but their Cartiage Weak; whoſe Deeds are Incongruities, while their Words are Apothegms. It is not worth the Name of Wiſdom, which can be heard only, and not ſeen. Good Diſcourſe is but the Reflection, or Shadow of Wiſdom; the pure and ſolid Subſtance, is good Actions.

The Rich, who exchange their Alms with the Poor for their Bleſſings, have no cauſe to complain of an ill Bargain: Our Gifts cannot be worth their Prayers. Therefore it is better to give than to receive; becauſe he who receives, has but a worthleſs Alms; while he who gives, receives an invaluable Bleſſing.

The Mind of a Man has naturally a Bent to Extravagancy: And we find it's hard to ſtand againſt Example and Invitation: And if we puſh it on, towards what it is

The doing nothing is ſo near to doing Evil, that the Space between them is ſcarce diſcernible.

Themiſtocles wept at the Conſideration that he ſhould die, when he juſt began to live.

The graveſt Book that ever was wrote, may be made Ridiculous, by applying the Sayings of it to a fooliſh purpoſe: For a Jeſt may be obtruded upon any thing in the World.

To underſtand our own Infirmities is the greateſt Knowledge; but 'tis the worſt of Follies to be wiſe in our own Conceit.

The Difficulty of our Salvation is generally an Effect of the Weakneſs of our Faith.

The Beſt need Afflictions for Tryal of their Virtue: How can we exerciſe the Grace of *Contentment*, if all things ſucceed well? Or that of *Forgiveneſs*, if we have no Enemies?

'Tis impoſſible to have a grateful Senſe of God's Goodneſs, and a ſollicitous Diſtruſt of it at the ſame time.

The Mixture of Good and Evil in good and bad Men, may make it wiſe and juſt in God to afflict the Good, and proſper the Bad.

The Mode and Cuſtom of the World is very Engaging and Bewitching; and is the firſt thing that Fools learn, and the Laſt that wiſe Men forſake.

That which is the prevailing Temper of our Souls in this Life until Death, will doubtleſs be ſo in the other World.

The true Eſtimate of Living is not to be taken from Age, but Action: A Man, as he manages himſelf, may die old at Thirty, and a Child at Fourſcore.

The Evils which are naturally incident to Human Life are numerous enough, without being multiply'd by thoſe of Choice.

The Multitude is more taken with Appearance than Reality: For the Noiſe and Glitter of a Pretender ſhall excite their Attention, and flaſh upon their Weakneſs at an irreſiſtible rate; while the modeſt underſtanding Man paſſes unregarded, and often proves the Object of their Contempt.

The Works of Nature attain to the ordinary point of

their Perfection; and aſſoon as they come to it they decline as faſt: There is a point of Maturity even in the Fruits of the Mind; and 'tis good to know that Point, that we may make the beſt of it.

'Tis a Jeſt in a Miſer to pretend to be honeſt: For to reſolve againſt Poverty, is in effect to forſwear Juſtice and Truth. The Knavery of ſuch People is as indiſputable as an Axiom, and ought to be ſuppoſed as a *Poſtulatum* in Buſineſs: They are falſe by a neceſſity of Principle, and want nothing but an Occaſion to ſhew it.

The Extreams either of Youth or Age make a Man's Judgment often fail him: For if he thinks too little on things, he overlooks Truth; and if too long, he is too much dozed to perceive it: Juſt as in the Poſitions of a Picture there is but one Point moſt proper to ſhew it in; the other may miſ-repreſent by too great Diſtance or Nearneſs, by being too high or too low.

They who Govern the Ignorant, may be ſaid to lead the *Blind*: But thoſe who Teach them, give them Eyes.

They who preſume to defer Amendment, muſt do it from a Want of a Sence of the Evil of Sin, or for the ſake of a preſent Enjoyment. But let ſuch know, that they who won't mend to day, ſhall have much more work to do, and leſs Ability to perform it to morrow.

Temptation can be no Excuſe: For the Devil can neither make us Sin againſt our Will, nor conſtrain us to be willing.

The Univerſe is a great Engine conſiſting of many Parts: To ſuppoſe theſe to ſtand ſtill, or move Irregularly, without a ſuperintending divine Power, is to ſuppoſe an Imperfection in the Author.

Themiſtocles, when two Gallants ſu'd for his Conſent to marry his Daughter, preferr'd the more honeſt Man to the more wealthy, with this Saying; *I had rather have a Man without the Mony, than Mony without the Man.*

The beſt way to prevent Diſquiets that may ariſe from a cheated Expectation, is to curb the Weakneſs of a ſudden Admiration.

Titus the *Roman* Emperor was as famous for Liberali-

ly, as his Father was for Covetouſneſs. He eſteemed that Day loſt, in which he had done no good; and might therefore be juſtly ſtyl'd the Darling of Mankind.

That Man that fears God is the wiſeſt Man; and he that departs from Evil has the beſt Underſtanding.

The Beauty of Providence appears much in the different Talents Men are poſſeſt of, which render them very Uſeful in Buſineſs, Commerce, and Converſation.

To be always in the Character that diſtinguiſhes one Man from another, looks Theatrical; and to be always in the Severities of Manners, and haughtineſs of Quality, is rather Acting a part, than what's Natural

The World is become ſuch a Paradox and Contradiction, that tho' it values Perſons for being happy, yet it envies them for appearing ſo.

True Friendſhip is the moſt officious thing in the World: It will diſdain no Office as too mean; nor decline any as too difficult: Nor will it only take, but ſeek all Opportunities of doing good; and rewards it ſelf with the Delight and Pleaſure it takes in ſuch Actions.

To a buſie and induſtrious Man Temptation climbs up together with his Buſineſs; and Sin creeps upon him only by Accidents and Occaſions: Whereas to an idle Perſon they come with open Violence, and with the Impudence of a reſtleſs Importunity.

There's a Chaſtity in Words as well as Actions: He that ſets himſelf no Bounds to the one, can hardly be reſerv'd in the other.

To be wicked for Company-ſake is ſo deteſtable, that Men of the moſt debauch'd Lives have often declared a better Opinion of ſuch who have declin'd their Company, than of thoſe who have comply'd with them.

The moſt agreeable Society is compoſed of Men of a communicative Temper, met together for mutual good Will: And the Men of Natural, rather than acquir'd Parts, are often the beſt Companions.

That Man moves Compaſſion moſt forcibly, who bears his Grief with Patience.

That Perſon has juſt cauſe to ſuſpect the Sincerity of his Virtue, who does not manifeſt it on proper Occaſions, or [illegible] when try'd by Temptation. The

The Language of the Face is very comprehenſive, 'tis the Short-Hand of the Mind, and crowds a great deal in a little Room: For a Man may approve or diſlike a Sentence by a Look, as ſoon as ſpeak a Word.

'Tis a difficult matter to preſerve Friendſhip and Agreement among Men in a Caſe where there are many Competitors, and but one can ſucceed or enjoy.

There is nothing diſcovers more the Corruption and Degeneracy of Human Nature, than to be eager to Revenge an Injury, and ſlow to requite a Benefit.

To believe a Buſineſs impoſſible is the only way to make it ſo. How many feaſible Projects have miſcarried by Deſpondency, and been ſtrangled in the Birth by a cowardly Imagination?

VERSE.

TOO ſoft Careſſes of a proſp'rous State
The Pious Fervours of the Soul abate,
Tempt to luxurious Eaſe our careleſs Days,
And gloomy Vapours on the Spirits raiſe:
Thus lull'd into a Sleep, we dozing lie,
And find our Ruin in Security,
Unleſs ſome Sorrow comes to our Relief,
And breaks th' Inchantment by a timely Grief.

Tell me, ye knowing, and diſcerning few,
Where I may find a Friend who's firm and true:
Who dares ſtand by me, when in deep Diſtreſs,
And then his Love and Friendſhip moſt expreſs:
Who by a ſecret Sympathy can ſhare
My Joy, my Grief, my Miſery, my Care;
He muſt be prudent, faithful, juſt and wiſe
Who can to ſuch a pitch of Friendſhip riſe.

Theſe are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good:
Almighty! Thine this Univerſal Frame,
Thus wondrous Fair! Thy ſelf how wondrous then!
Speak you who beſt can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels! For you behold him, and with Songs
And Choral Symphonies, Day without Night

The *World's* a Scene of *Changes*; and to be
Constant in *Nature* were *Inconstancy*:
For 'twere to break the *Laws* her self has made;
Our *Substances* themselves do fleet and fade.
The most fix'd *Being* still does move and flie
Swift as the *Wings* of *Time* 'tis measur'd by.

The happiest *Man* that ever Breath'd on Earth,
With all the Glories of Estate and Birth;
Had yet some Anxious Care to make him know,
No Grandeur was above the reach of Woe:
To be from all things which disquiet, free,
Is not consistent with Humanity.

To fish for Secrets do not thou pretend,
And if unask'd, at any time thy Friend
Entrust thee with the Treasures of his Heart,
Let not thy Anger, force of Wine, or Art,
Tempt thee to Act a base dishonest Part.

'Tis not enough to have a share of Wit,
There must be Judgment too to manage it;
For Fancy's like a rough but ready Horse,
Whose Mouth is govern'd more by Skill than Force.

Take heed to be without *Mistake* or *Crime*;
One Day may blemish Years of well-spent *Time*.
Your *Days* to come, may ne'er again Redress
What Folly one small Moment may express.

The *fairest Virtues* never shine so *bright*,
As when shy *Modesty* does shade the *Light*:
Veils add to Beauty; and the more we seem
To Court *Contempt*, the more we gain *Esteem*.

The *Sun* still sets, and leaves the *Earth* to *Night*,
Still sets in *Waves* that it may rise more *Bright*.
The same advantage great *Repentance* shares,
To rise like *Phœbus* from a Sea of *Tears*.

To tell thy *Miſ'ry* will no *Comfort* breed,
Men *Help* the moſt that think thou haſt no *Need*:
But if the *World* once thy *Misfortune* know,
Thou ſoon wil't find thy *former Friend* a *Foe*.

Tho' all the *Heav'nly Orbs*, confus'dly hurl'd,
Should daſh in *Pieces*, and ſhould cruſh the *World*,
Undaunted *Innocence* the *Craſh* would bear,
And be entirely *free* from *Pannick fear*.

There is a *Luſt* in *Man* no *Charm* can tame,
Of loudly *Publiſhing* his *Neighbour's* Shame.
On *Eagles* Wings immortal *Scandals* flie;
While *Virtuous Actions* are but born and die.

To *want* and not to *have* it, is a *Curſe*;
But yet to *have* and not to *uſe*, is worſe.

Titles may ſet a *Gloſs* upon our *Name*,
But *Virtue* only is the *Life of Fame*.

That *Man* is *far from Poor* who can *produce*
What e'er is *Neceſſary* for his *uſe*.

The *Sacred Truths* of *ſound Philoſophy*
Some *Study early*, but they *late apply*.

The greateſt *Bleſſings* our *Creator lends*,
May be *abus'd*, and ſerve *ignoble Ends*.

The *World's* a *Wood* in which moſt looſe their *way*,
Tho' by a *different Path* each goes *a-ſtray*.

The daily *leſſ'ning* of our *Life*, ſhews by
A little *dying*, how out-right to *die*.

The *ſtupid World* moſt *Honour* pays to thoſe
Who on their *Underſtanding* moſt impoſe.

The Cauſe *of Love* can never be *aſſign'd*;
'Tis in no *Face*, but in the *Lover's Mind*.

They cannot *want* who wiſh not to have *more*,
Who ever ſaid an *Anchorite* was Poor.

Single Lines.

THE Place of Danger, is on the Borders of Security.
The vulgar People are the grand Maſters of Error.
That's no juſt Dignity that is not accompanied with Merit.
The pooreſt People may have ſomething to be envied.
To be cheated twice is once your Fault.
The ungrateful Man wou'd deſtroy his Benefactor.
They are the beſt Teachers that practice what they teach.
The Ungrateful deſerves to be ſtript of his Benefits.
The Deceiver is often ruin'd by Deceit.
To praiſe your ſelf is the way to be diſprais'd.
The Intention of the Doer denominates the Act.
Things otherwiſe invisible are overcome by Diſcord.
The hope of Reward ſweetens Labour.
Temptations can't enter where the Heart is well guarded.
The more we ſerve God, the better we ſerve our ſelves.
To love God is the higheſt Perfection of human Nature.
Truſt none too far, nor miſtruſt any too ſoon.
Think twice before you reſolve once.
To ſpeak well and much, ſeldom meet together.
Think Contentment the greateſt Wealth.
The Power of Example prevails more than Precept.
They that are unwilling to mend, hate to be taught.
The Beauties of the Soul are Innocency and Humanity.
The firſt Step to Vertue is to love it in others.
To hear much and ſpeak little, is Profitable & Commendable.
To wage War with our Paſſions is the way to Peace.
Truth is aſham'd of nothing but to be hid.
That's the beſt Knowledge that makes us good.
The Borders of Sin is the Brink of Deſtruction.
The Glory of the Good Man is a good Conſcience.
Travel makes a wiſe Man better, and a Fool worſe.

The Death of our Paſſion is the Life of our Soul.
To deſpiſe Pleaſure is the greateſt Pleaſure.
To Sin in hopes of Mercy is the greateſt Abuſe of it.
The World is Miſerable, Life is ſhort, and Death is certain.

The diſatisfied Mind, no Pleaſure can find.
The Law was given to direct; The Sword to Puniſh and Protect.
True Lovers do in one Heart lie; both Live and both together Die.
Thy Saviour on the Croſs did chooſe, to ſave thy Life his own to loſe.
The Angels of the Lord protect, all thoſe that are the Lord's Elect.
Thy Soul can nothing Satiate, but God who did thy Soul Create.
That Man that covets, is but poor, altho' he Riches have great Store.
'Tis eaſie into Hell to fall, but to get back from thence is all.

SCRIPTURE.

THE Fool has ſaid in his Heart there is no God.
The Fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wiſdom.
Truſt in the Lord, and lean not to your own Underſtanding.
The Fear of the Lord is to hate Evil, Pride and Arrogancy.
The fervent Prayer of a Religious Man availeth much.
The Wiſe in Heart will receive Commandment.
The Expectation of the Wicked ſhall periſh.

Proverbial Sentences.

THO' Old and Wiſe yet ſtill adviſe.
There is no Companion like the Penny.
There are none ſo Poor as thoſe whom God hates.
The fairer the Hoſteſs, the fouler the Reckoning.
They need much whom nothing will content.
That's an empty Purſe that's full of another's Money.
The greateſt Talkers are always the leaſt Doers.
The worth of a Thing is beſt known by the want of it.
The Life of a Man is a Winters Day and a Winters Way.
The Pleaſures of the Mighty are the Tears of the Poor.

Latin Sentences.

TU ne cede malis, ſed contra audentior ito.
Trahet ſua quemque voluptas.
Tam deeſt avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.
Timidus vocat ſe cautum, parcum ſordidus.

Tarda ſolet magnis rebus ineſſe fides.
Tecum habita & noris quam ſit tibi curta ſupellex.

V V

VIrtue conſiſts in bending the ſtubborn Will, in rectifying the crooked Inclinations, in over-ruling a rebellious Temper, in curbing eager and importunate Appetites, in taming wild and fierce Paſſions, and ſuſtaining Injuries and Adverſities with Humility and Patience.

Uſe your Proſperity with ſo much Caution and Prudence as may not ſuffer you to forget your ſelf, or deſpiſe your Inferior, and conſider while you enjoy much, how little you deſerve.

Value no Man for his Opinion, but eſteem him according as his Life correſponds with the Rules of Piety and Juſtice: For a Man's Actions, not his Conceptions, render him valuable.

Virtue conſiſts in Knowledge and Action; we muſt firſt learn to know, and then bring ſtubborn Nature to Practice; the ſooner we attain it, the longer we ſhall enjoy the Comforts of a rectified Mind.

Virgil being ask'd by the Emperor *Auguſtus*, how he ſhould make his People eaſie, anſwer'd thus, If you continue to adminiſter Juſtice without Partiality, the *Romans* will never lament the loſs of their Liberty.

Veſpaſian was a valiant Prince and forgetful of Injuries; but then he was ſo Covetous as to lay a Tax on Urine: So great a Cloud will one foul Vice caſt over the Glory of many ſhining Virtues.

VERSE.

UPon the ſlippery Tops of human State,
Ev'n on the gilded Pinnacles of Fate
Let others proudly ſtand, and for a while
The giddy Danger to themſelves beguile;
With Joy, and with Diſdain look down on all,
Until their Heads turn round, and down they fall.
Let me, O Lord, on Earth, or elſe ſo near
Be fixt, that I no Fall to Earth may fear.

View the whole World, and with impartial Eyes
Conſider, and examine all that riſe;
Weigh well their Actions, and their treach'rous Ends,
How Greatneſs grows, and by what Steps aſcends;
What Murthers, Treaſons, Perjuries, Deceit,
How many fall, to make one Monſter great.

Venture not far into the dang'rous Deep;
But on the Land an equal Proſpect keep:
The Ship is weak, and ſmall, wherein we ſail,
And at the Mercy of each conqu'ring Gale.
Learn then, my Soul, on Heav'n to fix thine Eye;
Reſolve to live, as you deſire to die.

Virtue's the chiefeſt Beauty of the Mind,
The nobleſt Ornament of Human-kind:
Virtue's our Safeguard, and our guiding Star,
That ſtirs up Reaſon, when our Senſes err.

Under mean Garments more true Worth may be
Than under Silks and ſplendid Bravery.

View all the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good; or knowing it, purſue.

Unlawful Gains are leaſt what they appear;
And ill-got Gold is always bought too dear.

Virtue muſt be the Faſhion of the Town
Before the Beaus and Ladies put it on.

Uſurpers ſeldom to the Shades deſcend
By a dry Death, or with a quiet End.

Vice won'd grow antiquated thro' the Town,
Wou'd all our Men of Mode but cry it down.

Single Lines.

VUlgar People generally form a wrong Judgment.
Virtue and Wiſdom are above Beauty and Fortune.

Value not ſo much a fine Scabbard as a good Sword.
Vice often deceives us under the colour of Virtue.
Value not your ſelf by other Men's Opinion.
Variety is the Beauty of the World.
Vain-glorioufneſs is the Contempt of Wiſe Men.
Venture not to defend what your Judgment doubts of.
Unlawful Love ends generally in Bitterneſs.
Vertue to nobleſt Acts the Mind inclines.
Vertue often ſuffers when Vice goes unpuniſh'd.
Vertue and Honour do Juſtice to each other.
Unſanctified Proſperity is the bane of Virtue.
Undertake deliberately, but execute vigorouſly.

SCRIPTURE.

UNto the Upright there ariſes Light in Darkneſs.
Upon the Wicked he ſhall rain Snares, Fire and Brimſtone
Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my Soul.
Unto thee will I cry, O Lord, be not ſilent to me.

Proverbial Sentences.

VAlour can do little without Diſcretion.
Very old Men are twice Children.
Very little, very loud, very Silly, very Proud.

Latin Sentences.

VEterem ferendo injuriam, invitas novam.
Vita miſero eſt longa, felici brevis.
Utilis educatio & diſciplina, mores facit.
Ulcera animi magis quam corporis ſananda ſunt.
Virtus invidiam & malignam fortunam vincit.

W W

WHoever wiſely conſiders the Miſeries of human Life, will certainly prepare for a better, ſince Infancy is attended with Folly, Youth with Diſorder, and Age with Infirmity.

We are never pleas'd to be cheated by our Enemies, or betray'd by our Friends, but we are commonly well ſatisfied to be deceiv'd by our ſelves.

When the Inclination leads to a particular Calling, a Person then applies himself vigorously to it; for the Work produces Delight, and the Delight strongly inclines him to Labour.

We shou'd rejoice in our ignorance of those Things, which it becomes us not to know.

While we serve God only out of Fear, we want one half of our Religion, and that is, Love.

We may as well expect that God shou'd make us Rich without Industry, as make us Good without our Endeavours.

Where the Charge is general, and no particular Person pointed at, every one concern'd must appropriate the Saddle to himself before Scandal can ride him.

Want of Thought makes Men Impertinent, and want of Business Turbulent and Pragmatical.

We ought to shun the least appearance of Sin. Some Things indifferent in themselves, may be so circumstanc'd as to prove fatal in the Consequence, and strike us at the Rebound, for he that will not keep his Distance from the Gulph, may be suck'd in by the Eddy.

Wisdom is the Queen of Attributes, to whom all Things according to their proper Station, ought to pay submissive Homage, and by consequence every Offence against her is no less a Crime than Treason.

When God gave Being to Things he cou'd not but provide for their Operation, otherwise he had taken care of the Means, and overlook'd the End, which is a Contradiction.

William the Conqueror was famous for the singular Goodness of his Nature as well as his Valour, and in amends for the Injuries he had done to the *English*, forgave all which were done to himself.

William, Surnamed *Rufus*, was a Man of singular Magnanimity, for being on Ship-board ready to Sail, and the Weather growing Tempestuous he was advised to stay for a calmer Season; no, says he, fear nothing, for I never heard of a King that was drown'd.

When you have acted a great Exploit you ought to secure the Glory of it by drawing off in time, for if the Sun were not to rise again, methinks it would look better

for him to tumble from the Sky at Noon with all his Light and Heat about him, than to gain a Course of Four or Five Hours only to languish and decline in.

When *Saladine* return'd from his *Conquest* in the East, he caus'd his Shirt to be carry'd on the Top of a Spear, with this Proclamation, *This is all the Victorious* Saladine *shall carry to his Grave.*

We ought not to judge of Mens Merits by their Qualifications, but by the Use they make of them.

What is lost by the First *Adam*, we have recover'd by the Second: So we suffer no more by an imputed Sin than we may enjoy by an imputed Righteousness.

Wherein are the Poor blessed, if the Pardon of Sin be purchas'd with Money? Or, how is it hard for a Rich Man to enter into Heaven, if Money can buy Pardon for his past, present, and future Sins?

Was our Power equal to our Will, Desire would be a short-liv'd Passion; It would generally begin and end at a single Thought; for then we should put our selves in the Possession at the first Sight of whatsoever we believe agreeable.

When an impudent Man is out of countenance, he makes a wooden Figure. He has no hand at Blushing for want of Practice; and acts modesty with so ill a Grace, that he appears more ridiculous in the Habit of Virtue, than in that of Vice. He is the Jest of wise Men, and the Idol of Fools; and commonly his Parent runs for his Life-time.

We should be careful not to over-shoot our selves in the Pursuit of Excellency, whether Zeal or Moderation be the Point we aim at. Let us keep Fire out of the one, and Frost out of the other.

Where a Man makes himself a Stranger to God by Prayer, how can he expect to be heard as a Friend?

We are in nothing more unhappy, than in not being sensible of our own Unhappiness.

When Covetousness governs, the Appetite is tied up, and Nature is put under Penance, the Miser loves to stop short of Necessity, and hates Convenience, as much as a wise Man does Excess; and he that dares not enjoy any thing, wants that which he has, as well as that which he has not.

We may divert our ſelves ſometimes from Buſineſs, to be the better prepared to return to it again. But we alter the very Nature and Deſign of Recreation, when we make a Buſineſs of it.

Were we not blinded by the Falſe Appearances of Enſnaring Objects, we ſhould certainly eſteem a quiet Mind and Serenity of Soul preferable to the Empire of the whole world.

We ought to defer our Liking of thoſe with whom we converſe, till we have taken ſome Notice of the Diſpoſition of their Minds: Otherwiſe the Beauty of their Perſon, or the Charms of their Wit, may make us Fond of thoſe whom our Reaſon and Judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

VERSE.

WHAT is behind the Curtain, none can ſee:
It may be Joy, ſuppoſe it Miſery.
'Tis Future ſtill; and that which is not here
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the preſent Ill alone we ought
To view, in reaſon, with a troubl'd Thought.
But, if we may the Sacred Pages truſt,
He's always happy, who is always juſt.

When *Alexander* firſt beheld the Face
Of the Great Cynic in his Narrow Space,
His own condition thus he did lament;
How much more happy thou, who art content
To live within this little Hole, than I,
Who after Empire, that vain Quarry, fly;
Grapling with Dangers whereſoe'er I roam,
Whilſt thou haſt all the conquer'd World at home!

With Shame we ſee our Paſſions can prevail
Where Reaſon, Certainty, and Virtue fail:
Honour, that empty Name, can Death deſpiſe,
Scorn'd Love to Death, as to a Refuge, flies,
And Sorrow waits for Death with longing Eyes.
Hope triumphs o'er the Thought of Death and Fate,

When my ſhort Glaſs its lateſt Sand ſhall run,
And Death approach to Fright the Lookers on;
Softly may I ſigh out my Soul in Air,
Stand thou, my pitying Guardian-Angel, there:
Guide and conduct her thro' the Milky-way,
To the bright Region of eternal Day.

What a vaſt Trouble is a great Eſtate!
Many the Snares which do attend the Great.
And ſince in Penury we are oppreſs'd,
It plainly proves the middle State the beſt.

When Reaſon once is deſpicable grown,
And Rebel Appetites uſurp the Throne,
The Soul no longer quiet Thoughts enjoys;
But all is Tumult and eternal Noiſe.

Want is a bitter, and a *hateful* Good,
Becauſe its Virtues are not underſtood.
Yet many things impoſſible to Thought,
Have been by Need to *full Perfection* brought.

When things go ill, each Fool pretends t' adviſe;
And if more happy, thinks himſelf more wiſe.
All wretchedly deplore the preſent State;
And that Advice ſeems beſt which comes too late.

Why ſhou'd we hope of being others *Heirs*?
Does not our Sand run out as faſt as theirs?

Who with their preſent State are not content,
May find a worſe for their juſt Puniſhment.

Wrong not the Poor for thine own *welfare's* ſake;
There's none ſo mean but due *Revenge* may take.

When once our Vicious Appetites are tir'd,
We loath the Thoughts of what we once admir'd.

Wine, that wou'd cheer the Spirits in diſtreſs,

Were but the Ladies Virtuous as they're Fair,
The Beaus won'd bluſh as often as they ſwear.

We to our ſelves may all our wiſhes grant:
For nothing coveting, we nothing want.

Single Lines.

WHen in Power, be courteous to the Meaneſt.
Without Knowledge you can't expect Advancement
Wiſe Men keep their Expences ſhort of their Income.
Where Riches are honoured, Goodneſs is deſpis'd.
When Shame is once loſt, Men ſin by wholeſale.
Where there is no Combat, there is no Victory.
We muſt either do, or ſuffer God's Will.
When Paſſion rides, then give *Reaſon* the *Reins.*
Wiſdom to the Mind is like Health to the Body.
Write Injuries in *Duſt*, but Kindneſſes in *Marble.*
Would you be wiſe, endeavour to be good.
Wicked Practices diſcover bad Principles.
Without Sympathy there is no delight in Society.
What can't be avoided, bear with Patience.
Wind puffs up empty Bladders, as Opinion does Fools.
Whatever is forbid in Act, is alſo in Thought.

SCRIPTURE.

WAlk in the way of good Men, & Paths of the *Righteous.*
With-hold not good from them to whom 'tis due.
Wiſdom is the principal thing; therefore get *Wiſdom.*
VVe ask and receive not, becauſe we ask amiſs.
VVhere our Treaſure is, there will our Hearts be alſo.
VVhen a wicked Man dieth, his Expectation ſhall periſh.
VVhoſo feareth the Lord, it ſhall go well with him.

Proverbial Sentences.

WHO looks not before, will find himſelf behind.
Weight and *Meaſure* take away Strife.
VVho has a *Wolf* for his *Mate*, needs a *Dog* for his *Man.*
VVhere there is no Fault, there needs no Pardon.
Words are but Wind, but Blows are unkind.

X X

Xenophon commends the *Perſians* for the prudent Education of their Children, who would not admit them to Effemminate their Minds with amorous Stories, being ſufficiently convinc'd of the Danger of adding Weight to the Bias of corrupt Nature.

Xenocrates holding his Peace at ſome detracting Diſcourſe, they asked him why he did not ſpeak: Becauſe, ſaith he, I have ſometimes repented of ſpeaking, but never of holding my Peace.

Xenophon was ſo candid and ingenious, that when he might have ſtolen the Writings of *Thucydides* the Hiſtorian, he choſe rather to publiſh them with Honour.

Xantippe the Wife of *Socrates*, pulled off his Cloak from his Shoulders in the open *Forum* [or publick Place,] ſome Friends preſent counſelled him to beat her: Yes, ſaith he, that whilſt we Two fight, you may all ſtand by and cry, *well done* Socrates; *to him* Xantippe.

Xenophon's Philoſophy diſcovered many great and noble Secrets in Nature: He was a Man of a ſtrong penetrating Judgment; and among the many uſeful Truths he advanced, ſome few Errors crept in, to ſhew he was but a Man.

Xerxes, the Son of *Darius*, after he had twice ſubdu'd the *Babylonians*, forbid them to bear Arms for the future, but allow'd them to indulge themſelves in all manner of Pleaſures; for nothing keeps down a mutinous People ſo much as Effemminacy.

Xenophon hearing that his Son died couragiouſly in Battle, was ſo far from being concern'd at it, that he rejoyc'd and thank'd the Gods who ſent him ſo brave a Son, who could fight and die in the Cauſe of his Country.

VERSE.

Xantippe brawls, while *Socrates* is ſtill,
Yet ne'er was quiet, tho' ſhe had her Will;
Her Fury made him patient, her perplex'd,
That when ſhe rag'd, ſhe could not make him vex'd.

Xerxes

Xerxes, as Poets ſing, a haughty Brave,
Whipt the rude Winds, and made the Sea his Slave:
But how return'd he, let us ask again?
In a poor Skiff he paſs'd the bloody Main,
Choak'd with the ſlaughter'd Bodies of his Train.
For Fame he pray'd, but let the Event declare,
He had no mighty Penn'worth of his Prayer.

Single Lines.

Xenophon was a learned General.
Xenophon commended Heroic and vertuous Exerciſes.
Xenophon accounted the wiſe Man happy.
Xerxes wept at the changeable State of Man.
Xanthus thought Treaſon was contrary to Reaſon.
Xerxes was afraid that he ſhould be betray'd.

Latin Sentences.

Xenocrati fides tanta fuit ut injurato crederetur.
Xerxis imperio bina coïere vada.

Y Y

YOuth is Raſh and Precipitant; while the Blood runs through the Veins with great Rapidity, the Paſſions are ſtrong and unruly, and the Mind too looſe and airy to be guided by the wiſe Council of the Aged; and the Knowledge of themſelves comes often too late to prevent their Ruin.

Y was a Letter invented by *Pythagoras*, who would denote Virtue and Vice by its Two Branches that on the Right Hand High and Difficult, and that on the other Streight and Eaſie.

You wou'd Weep if you knew you were to live but one Month; and yet you laugh now when you do not know whether you ſhall live an Hour.

You may be deprived of Honour and Riches againſt your Will; but not of Virtue without your Conſent.

You shou'd take a particular care that you do not again commit the last Sin you have repented of; and when you have cast out one Devil, you should keep a stronger Guard least Seven return.

You never was so Good as you should be, if you do not strive to be better than you are; nor will he ever be better than he is, that does not fear to be Worse than he was.

You may as well feed a Man without a Mouth, as give Advice where there is no Disposition to receive it.

You may pray against an untimely and violent Death; but ever expect and wait with Patience for your latter End: Do your utmost to prepare for it; and when it comes, embrace it with a resign'd Mind.

VERSE.

YOU wou'd be free, 'tis your chief Wish you say;
Come on, I'll shew thee, Friend, the ready Way.
If to no Feasts Abroad you love to go;
Whilst bounteous God do's Bread at Home bestow:
If thou the Goodness of thy Cloaths dost prize,
By thine own Use, and not by others Eyes:
If (only safe from Weather) thou can'st dwell
In a small House, but a convenient Shell;
If thou without a Sigh, or Golden Wish
Can'st look upon thy Beechen Bowl and Dish;
If in thy Mind such Pow'r and Greatness be,
The *Persian* King's a Slave compar'd to Thee.

Youth, Wit and Beauty, are such charming Things,
O'er which if Affluence spreads her gaudy Wings;
We think the Person who enjoys so much
No Care can move, and no Affliction touch.
Yet cou'd we but some secret Method find
To view the dark Recesses of the Mind,
We there might see the hidden Seeds of Strife,
And Woes in Embryo rip'ning into Life.
Youth is unfit great Matters to contrive,
Their Reason's weak, their Judgment's scarce alive.
But yet for Action they're more proper far:

They Bold and Active, Strong and Vig'rous are:
Aged Experience better ſure doth know,
But ſprightly, able Youth can better do.

Ye great Diſturbers, who in endleſs Noiſe,
In Blood and Horror ſeek unnat'ral Joys,
For what is all this buſtle, but to ſhun
Thoſe Thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As Men in Miſery oppreſs'd with Care,
Seek in the Rage of Wine to drown Deſpair.

Yeſterday's paſt, to Morrow's none of thine,
To Day thy Life to virtuous Acts incline.

You muſt ſometimes both Time and Money ſpend
To lay an Obligation on your Friend.

Single Lines.

YOur Vice and not your Poverty is your Shame.
You cannot expect Glory, but in the way of Virtue
Youth, like the Spring-time, will ſoon be over.
You may be ſeen to give, but not give to be ſeen.
You may know Men by the Company they keep.
Young Men are prone to hearken to bad Council.
Youth is full of Diſorder, and Age of Infirmity.

Youth muſt Repent, becauſe Death may prevent.
You ſoon will improve, if Learning you love.

SCRIPTURE.

YE that fear the Lord, Praiſe him all ye Seed of *Jacob*.
Young Men ſee that you Honour the Aged.

Proverbial Sentences.

YOu muſt crack the Shell before you can have the Kernel.
Young Men goe to Death, but Death goes to old Men.

Latin Sentences.

YFuit ædocti littera Pythagoræ.